

LIFE

The impact
of the nation's
Vietnam protest

THE DAY OF DISSENT



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MRS BILL CANADAY

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OCTOBER 24 • 1969 • 40¢

1970 Mercury Cougar Where wild meets elegant.

It's hot. Cool. Primitive. Sleek. The 1970 Cougar is a bit of elegant wildness in a world of tame and humdrum cars. Outside: headlights concealed in a bold new grille; swaggering sequential turn signals; a long, lean sculptured look. Inside, this Cougar XR-7 is more elegant than ever before. Glove-soft

vinyl buckets with accents of leather. Roomy map pockets built into the seats. Burlled-walnut vinyl applique on the instrument panel. A cove-shaped rear seat. A tachometer. An elapsed-time clock. And a fiery, action-packed 351 cu. in. V-8. Come catch a 1970 Mercury Cougar—where wild meets elegant.



MERCURY. PASSWORD FOR ACTION IN THE 70'S.

MERCURY COUGAR

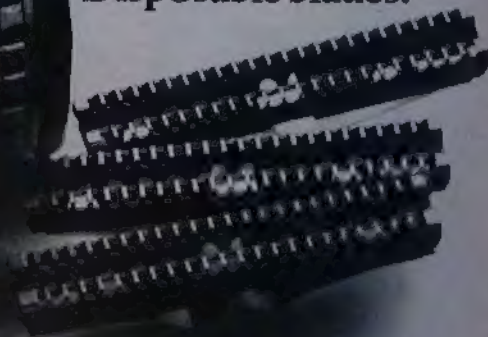


SPERRY RAND™



Remington announces
the greatest idea in close,
comfortable shaves since
disposable blades.

Disposable blades.



The safety razor is based on a simple idea. You start with extremely sharp blades. And when they get dull, you replace them.

"Great idea," said Remington. So we designed our new *Lektro Blade* shaver—with disposable blades honed four times sharper than ever before.

Four times sharper means the closest electric shaves possible.

And it means truly unusual comfort.

Our blades will last up to six months, then cost just \$1.95 to replace.

These new shavers are at your dealers. Cord models. Rechargeables. And most come with an extra set of blades. (Blades also fit our previous *Selecto* shavers.



If dealer is out, write Box 435, Bridgeport, Conn. 06602. Enclose \$1.95 and we'll mail new blades.)

Our shavers with disposable blades might just make other shavers—disposable.

THE NEW
REMINGTON®
LEKTROBLADE® SHAVER

A Rascal Meets the Spider

Mr. Brown didn't want to demonstrate his criminal-apprehending device until he could find the shortish gentleman in the greenish jacket, the one from New Jersey security. The inventor had come from England and set up a booth at the inventors' show in the New York Coliseum precisely in the hope of meeting "genuine law enforcement people." And now a most promising encounter seemed to be ending with Mr. Brown on tiptoe, searching the crowded aisles for his man.

As I watched him in his moment of frustration, it occurred to me that as Mr. Brown was a somewhat shortish man himself, his unaided eye could not achieve the best purchase for locating another shortish person in a tallish crowd. I hardly needed a light bulb over my head to inform me that I'd hit upon a Marketable Idea of my own: *Little Guy*, the personal periscope that adds yards to your height, then telescopes down to fountain-pen size for convenient pocket storage.

I cautioned myself that the surge of insight that led to *Little Guy* might be caused simply by the nearness of so many seminal minds. PATENT '69 had been billed as the world's biggest inventors' show, four big days of random break-throughs by more than 200 inventors. Naturally, I arrived prepared to be terrorized by a preview of the cybernetic-module-implant future, with banks of electronic show-offs scattered around and machines doing all the talking.

How delightful then to discover a hall full of inventors far less concerned with

exploring the mindless future than with speckling little holes in the past. Roy A. Smith was showing his ladder leveler, Dr. John Stifter his safety-bottle pill dispenser, Alfred Firth his buoyant plug. There was a floating soap dish, an automatic dog feeder, an electric baby ricker, a driverless phantom lawnmower, guaranteed to do the job and put itself back in the garage. The place was like a *Popular Mechanics* retrospective, albeit in tidying, cooing gadgets for school, office and home.

It was tempting to look upon the exhibit as a huge elaboration of the standard Patent Office cartoon: row upon row of earnest men in tweed coats and bow ties balancing unlikely brain children on their laps. But the inventors were a remarkably stony-looking lot, a look that in many cases owed itself to brushes with disreputable idea brokers and other agents of the unwelcome world. A few seemed to luxuriate in the reflected glow of their creations, but most appeared saddled with their genius, as though they had been sentenced by their own imaginations to spend their lives preaching the merits of the self-heating lunch pail or repeating peashooter. Strolling the aisles between irascible skis and toothpick holders and Saf-Tite paint-can brackets, I found myself thinking, Gee, I'm glad I didn't think of that.

Then it dawned on me that what I lacked as an inventor was the low frustration threshold that led one to recognize every little nuisance or discomfort as something that had to be cured. After a lifetime of baths, I was still content to grope for plug or soap (often making a little game of it, in fact). All that was holding me back was my attitude of mild acceptance, and that I could change in a stroke.

I was just envisioning the *Friend-in-a-Hand* *Grand Standard*—a three-foot pole mounted on a convenient plastic headband and topped with a color-coded flag for E-Z identification—when Mr. Brown abandoned his search for the shortish policeman and announced that he would demonstrate *The Spider* anyway. *The Spider* looked as lethal as a longshoreman's hook, but the inventor explained that its chief virtue lay in taking the sting out of hot-pursuit arrests. At a touch of its handle-mounted trigger, *The Spider* would launch a lightweight filament capable of ensnaring a fleeing rascal 10 steps away.

by Barry Farrell

"Rascal" was Mr. Brown's own word, and hearing it made me wonder if he appreciated the ferocity of the modern American street rascal. I suggested that the embarrassment of being caught in the net might be acute enough to put the net-lanisher in some peril, especially if the rascal were armed with a net-piercing weapon, such as a gun. Mr. Brown said he could see the difficulty there, then drifted off into describing other uses for his net: pigeon control, perhaps.

But my mind was racing ahead to the drawing board. *Dial-a-Fright* would permit a Cheshire villager such as Mr. Brown to call any street in the world and get an instant fear-and-apprehension reading. *I-Deas-I-De* could store the data in a memory bank, for home viewing at the owner's convenience. This would remove the unwanted risk of stalking rascals with filmlets in Grade "X" dangerous zones.

Still, the Katzenjammer image of the police net squad combing the streets was a decided improvement on the choking reality of tear gas and Mace, and a welcome alternative to the multiggressive *Buddy Stick* that Correction Officer Raymond Finn was exhibiting across the hall.

A young girl materialized at Mr. Brown's side, ready to play the part of the purse thief to Mr. Brown's "typical shopper." We stepped through a curtain into a dim and empty space. "Now, if you'll just start off at a jog when I give the signal, we'll have a go," the inventor said, carefully leveling his *Spider*. The girl took a step and Mr. Brown fired. A frail white net billowed forth and settled softly over the unprotesting shoulders of the girl. It was, beyond all doubt, the gentlest arrest I have ever witnessed, and the brilliance of its execution gave the inventor new stature in my eyes.

"There, you see, it's really quite impossible for this young lady to extricate herself," Mr. Brown said confidently, stepping forward to give her a hand. It took them several long minutes to untangle bracelets and hairpins and high heels from the butterfly prison. And while I could see that the process might be speeded with a pair of handy, collapsible *Freedom Nae* net shears, I found it so entrancing that my inventor's zeal flagged, leaving me content to stand and watch, wishing only for a pair of U-R-There magnifying goggles.

Barring unusual circumstances, permanent press clothing cannot get wrinkled in this dryer.

If this lady didn't own this particular dryer, she'd be in a lot of trouble. Because if permanent press clothes aren't taken out of an ordinary dryer right after the cycle is completed, wrinkles set in. And as you can see, this lady is tied up and can't get to the dryer.

Fortunately, the dryer in this picture is not an ordinary one. It's a Whirlpool dryer.

with Finish Guard™. And what Finish Guard does is quite extraordinary.

To begin with, after the normal cool-down cycle ends a buzzer sounds. If the clothing is not removed within 5 minutes, the dryer starts up again for 10 seconds (without heat) and retumbles the clothing. Then the buzzer sounds again.

This process takes place every 5 minutes for 2½ hours, or until the

Whirlpool

clothing is removed. Which means that you have time to take care of your other chores instead of hovering over the dryer all day.

Incidentally, the lady in the picture was saved by her faithful companion, Fido, who managed to gnaw through her bonds exactly 2 hours and 27 minutes after Finish Guard went into operation, thereby giving her two minutes to restore her circulation and another minute to remove the clothes.



A model rascal, helpless yet amiable in *The Spider's* web



The seven suns of Eastern

The sun.

From the time he first huddled cold and miserable in caves, man has sought its warmth. Praised it when it rose. Damned it when it set. Even worshipped it in his temples.

At Eastern Airlines, we too seek the sun. To soar ever closer to man's source of light and warmth. And to make you feel just as warm and comfortable in the sky as you feel when you get to the seven suns of Eastern. Miami, Puerto Rico, The Bahamas, Bermuda, Mexico, the Virgin Islands and California.

Where the sun always spends the winter. Where you see things in a different light.

Because each place under these seven suns of Eastern is different, distinctive—with a warmth of climate, culture and friendly faces all its own.

Everything is not the same under the sun. Every airline is not the same to the sun.

Ask your travel agent to put you on the only airline that flies to all seven suns.

Come with us. And feel as at home in the sky as you are on land.

 **EASTERN** The Wings of Man.





GALLERY

Black-and-white is the natural medium of the gentle Amish folk who live near Kalona, Iowa. And in black-and-white John Zielinski, a student of the Famous Photographers School, succeeded in capturing the ebullience that, contrary to public belief, the Amish are nonetheless capable of—among themselves.

It's the real thing. Coke.



Real life calls for real taste.
For the taste of your life—
it's Coca-Cola.
Here and now.

TRADE MARK
Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK
Coca-Cola

Modern Masters Amid the Old

NEW YORK PAINTING AND SCULPTURE AT THE MET

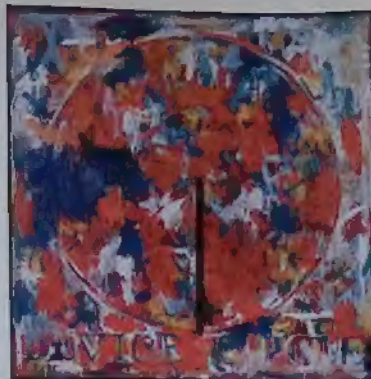
For 30 years now, New York has provided the setting for an innumerable, sometimes rampant stream of creativity. During this period, the so-called scene of New York has dominated Western art to such the same way that the School of Paris did in the first half of the century. Such a flowering is without precedent in American art, so it is appropriate that the Metropolitan Museum should acknowledge this phenomenon by launching its centennial celebration with a vast exhibition called "New York Painting and Sculpture, 1940-1970." For the viewer there are several advantages in having this show at the Met. We are given the opportunity to see how the modern masters held up in such close proximity to the old masters. And the Metropolitan has just the right kind of space. The show means there are three, sky-high galleries, an area of 22,000 square feet available, doubtless the exhibition space available, for instance, at the Whitney Museum of American Art.

The show is glorious. By enabling us to see in quantity the work of 43 artists, we can appreciate some of the major accomplishments of the last three decades—from the realism of Edward Hopper to the abstract expressionism of De Kooning to the

shaped canvases of Frank Stella. Many painters are given entire galleries in what amounts to a series of one-man capsule retrospectives—Pollock, Rothko, Newman, Reinhardt, Hofmann, Rauschenberg and others. The sculpture ranges from a 25-foot Calder mobile, to Tony Smith's six-foot steel cube, to Andy Warhol's 17-inch Brillo box.

In effect, the show is an anthology and can be enjoyed for its sheer abundance of major works. Still, however, the anthology was put together by one man—in this case, Henry Geldzahler, the Metropolitan's curator of contemporary art—it seems fair to try to assess it in terms of his conception. Geldzahler has confined his selection of artists to those he personally calls "defectors"—the immigrants, as he explains in his catalogue essay, "who have been crucial in re-directing the history of painting and sculpture in the past three decades."

Geldzahler declares that his show is "an evaluation, a sorting out of major themes and figures." It's not much of an "evaluation," however, as it offers no new insights and scarcely alters existing conceptions of the period. Because most of the "sorting out" was done some time ago by other critics and historians, Geldzahler's name



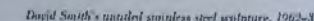
Kenneth Nodding's "Telling Nure," 1991

them turns out to be fairly conventional, a consensus of informed taste in the New York art world. Just why Goldwater admires these works is muddled in his sweeping claim to have selected "works of quality and stature by those artists who have positioned the major problems and solutions of our immediate tradition." At no point, however, does he so much as hint at what those problems are or what their solutions might be, or attempt to define their "quality and stature." Maybe it's because, as he says, the "rules change as fast as new problems and solutions are art." And this, in turn, might explain why the

As an art writer, Goldzhaber obviously has problems. His catalogue essay brims with irrelevant prattle about other New York museums, about art magazines and galleries, mass media, the Venice Biennale, the

New York real estate industry and tax law—and is alarmingly uninformative about the art. Where the tone is not glab, it is authoritarian, substituting a simple fact for explanation. He devotes more space to Olitski's "cumbersome" gallery affiliations, for instance, than he does to Olitski's art, about which all we are told is that the "low-lying sprayed aluminum sculptures are as subtle and full of implications for the future as anything in the art of the past decade."

There is of course a great deal that can be said about the power structure and promotional apparatus of the New York art world, and Gebelzähler is perhaps uniquely qualified to say it. Not after assembling all this magnificent art, it seems a shame that instead of treating it with the serious analysis it deserves, he reduces the show to the superficial level of a Hit Parade.

by David Bordwell
LIFE Association Editor

The Yardstick.

Sooner or later, almost every toothpaste gets around to comparing itself to Crest.

And for good reason. We're a cavity-fighter. And we work.

The reason we work is fluoride.

Sometimes we think we invented fluoride. We didn't. But we've been trying to protect America's teeth with it for a long time.


And from the beginning, fighting
ities was the whole idea behind
st.

In 1960, Crest was accepted by the American Dental Association. By now, a whole generation of Americans has grown up on Crest. And have a lot of healthy teeth to show for it.

That's something to measure up to. So have regular checkups, watch between-meal treats, and brush after eating with Crest.

It's one great cavity-fighter.
Every inch of it.



 Crest has been chosen to be an effective force in promoting dental health in schools and in communities. Crest is a nationally planned program of dental hygiene and regular examinations. Contact us, Dental Therapists, American Dental Association.

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Modern Masters Amid the Old

NEW YORK PAINTING AND SCULPTURE AT THE MET

For 39 years now, New York has provided the setting for an incessant, sometimes rampant stream of creativity. During this period, the so-called School of New York has dominated Western art in much the same way that the School of Paris did in the first half of the century. Such a flowering is without precedent in American art, so it is appropriate that the Metropolitan Museum should acknowledge this phenomenon by launching its centennial celebration with a vast exhibition called "New York Painting and Sculpture, 1940-1970." For the viewer there are several advantages in having this show at the Met. We are given the opportunity to see how the modern masters held up in such close proximity to the old masters. And the Metropolitan has just the right kind of space. The show meanders through 35 sky-lit galleries, an area of 52,000 square feet—nearly double the exhibition space available, for instance, at the Whitney Museum of American Art.

The show is glorious. By enabling us to see in quantity the work of 13 artists, we can appreciate some of the major accomplishments of the last three decades—from the realism of Edward Hopper to the abstract expressionism of De Kooning to the

shaped canvases of Frank Stella. Many painters are given entire galleries in what amounts to a series of one-man capsule retrospectives—Pollock, Rauschenberg, Newman, Reinhardt, Hofmann, Hansson, and others. The sculpture ranges from a 23-foot Calder mobile, to Tony Smith's six-foot steel cube, to Andy Warhol's 17-inch Brillo box.

In effect the show is an anthology and can be enjoyed for its sheer abundance of major works. Since, however, the anthology was put together by one man—in this case, Henry Geldzahler, the Metropolitan's current contemporary arts—it seems

try to assess it in terms of reception. Geldzahler has made a selection of artists in those he only calls "selectors"—the tutors, as he explains in his essays, "who have been crucial in directing the history of painting sculpture in the past three decades." Geldzahler declares that his is "an evaluation, a sorting out of themes and figures." It's not of an "evaluation," however, as for new insights and scary

less existing conceptions of it. Because most of the "sorts" was done some time ago by critics and historians, Geldzahler



Kenneth Noland's "Teton Noir," 1961

them turns out to be fairly conventional, a consensus of informed taste in the New York art world. Just why Geldzahler admires these works is muffled in his sweeping claim to have selected "works of quality and stature by those artists who have posi-

tive New York real estate industry and tax laws—and is alarmingly uninformative about the art. Where the tone is not glib, it is authoritarian, substituting a simple fiat for explanation. He devotes more space to Olitski's "complex" gallery affiliations, for instance,

MOORE & GAMBLE
VALUERS
REPAIRS
RESTORATION

DETACH COUGH CAREFULLY
FIGHT CAVITIES WITH Crest MINT OR REGULAR FLAVOR

REGULAR FLAVOR
Crest
MINT OR REGULAR FLAVOR
with fluoristan

David Smith's untitled stainless steel sculpture, 1963-4



Jasper Johns's "Beetle Circle," 1959



The Yardstick.

Sooner or later, almost every toothpaste gets around to comparing itself to Crest.

And for good reason. We're a cavity-fighter. And we work.

The reason we work is fluoride.

Sometimes we think we invented fluoride. We didn't. But we've been helping to protect America's teeth with it for a long time.

And from the beginning, fighting cavities was the whole idea behind Crest.

In 1960, Crest was accepted by the American Dental Association.

By now, a whole generation of Americans has grown up on Crest. And have a lot of healthy teeth to show for it.

That's something to measure up to.

So have regular checkups, watch between-meal treats, and brush after eating with Crest.

It's one great cavity-fighter.

Every inch of it.

Crest has been shown to be an effective cavity prevention denture than denture of significant value when used as a recommended daily brushing of toothpaste and regular professional care. Crest is a Division of Procter & Gamble Company, American Dental Association.

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Take a Quiet Break in the 1970 FORD.

We don't just cover up the noise. We build in the quiet.

With dramatic results: The 1970 Ford is, by any measure, the most luxurious-riding Ford in history.

The quiet begins deep. In a coordinated system of engineering. Everything working together to soften, silence, damp out, hush and absorb. A computer-designed safety frame has integral torque boxes to swallow harsh


vibration. A "forgiving" 2-way suspension system, with extra-heavy bushings, cushions your ride. Ford's longer wheelbase and wider track help keep that cushioned ride smoother, more stable. And new longer-lasting, high-traction fiberglass belted bias-ply tires are standard.

Inside, Ford's Front Room lets you relax and enjoy the quiet in padded, paneled luxury. New for 1970: Locking steering

column. Easier-to-use Uni-Lock Safety Harness. And a new ventilation system so quiet only the coolness tells you it's working.

Isn't this the way driving should be in this noisy, nerve-racking world? Give yourself a break. A quiet break in the 1970 Ford.

Ford gives you Better Ideas... it's the Going Thing!

FORD 

1970 Ford LTD Brougham 2-Door Hardtop. Hideaway Headlamps and 351 CID V-8 are standard.

We're developing a planned city designed for better living



Civic Center homes and hotels, condominiums



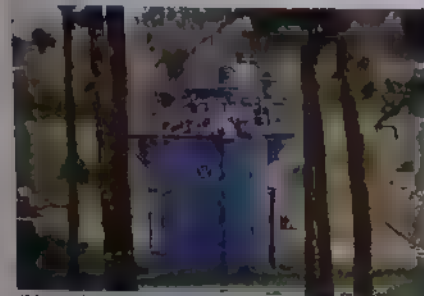
Television, TV link between school and home



Swimming, tennis, golf, horseback riding



Convenient shopping center, hospital, pharmacy

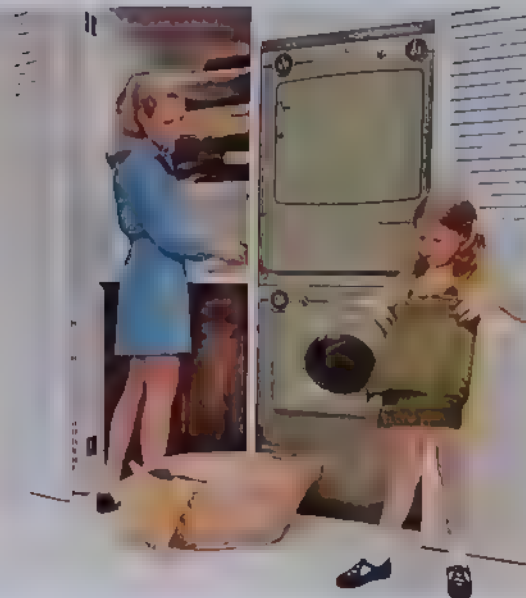


Unique electric sewage disposal, underground utilities



Attractive, low-level residential lighting

while we build a washer and dryer designed to save you space.



Better living means a place to live in Coral Springs near Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Tomorrow's city being built by Westinghouse today.

It's planned for 112,000 people. With convenient schools, churches, recreation and shopping centers, hospital, university and industrial park.

There'll also be how Westinghouse innovations like electric sewage disposal and communication systems. People come to Coral Springs from all over. To see and take back inspiring ideas turned into reality.

At the same time, Westinghouse helps in your home by giving you a compact action washer and dryer that conveniently stack to save space.

Westinghouse is also active in air pollution control, transportation, health services, urban redevelopment, nuclear power and environmental control.

These are just a few of the many ways that Westinghouse serves you in your community and in your home.

You can be sure if it's Westinghouse.



Westinghouse...we serve people



Shoot-out at 315 Poplar Drive.

That Eddie Fagerstrom was there.
So were Wimpy Daugherty
and Naperville Fats and Highpockets
Denny Johnson.

It was the first annual Poplar
Drive pool hustlers tournament.
And you've never seen such
jawing and needling and attempted
petty larceny in your life.

This is what owning a Brunswick
pool table is all about.

You invite a few people over
for a friendly game.

And before you know it you
got your sleeves rolled up and your
earnest money down, fighting for
your life in a game of Eight-Ball or
Straight Pool.

Oh, some people will tell you
pool is a gentleman's game.

But don't you believe it.
You're kidding pool tables.

And these are the
Brunswick pool tables.

Brunswick

More than a billiard table, a piece of fine furniture. Get one for the (huh huh) kids.

We can prove it's worth the extra money.

Old Taylor is not the only premium-priced Bourbon in America. But it does happen to be the *top-selling* premium-priced Bourbon in America.

There are about six different reasons for that. Before you pay an extra son for Old Taylor, you should know what they are.

OLD TAYLOR

86 PROOF

OLD
TAYLOR

1 Old Taylor was created by an authentic genius Col. Edmund H. Taylor, Jr. was easily the foremost Bourbon distiller in the late 1800's. Old Taylor is his crowning achievement. There's only one Old Taylor, simply because there was only one Colonel.



2 People are vexed if they've tried to copy Old Taylor. Finally, in 1909, an angry Col. Taylor changed the color of his label to a distinctive yellow, and printed a warning to would-be imitators where they couldn't miss it. That took care of that!

**THIS YELLOW LABEL IS
IN EXCLUSIVE AND
CONCLUSIVE USE**



3 If you think you're paying a king's price because we distill in a castle, you're mistaken. We make Old Taylor here *not* because it's a castle, but because it's near the delicious limestone spring the Colonel discovered in 1887. We still draw our water from it. And nobody gets close to it!

4 Old Taylor is a signed original. Another step the Colonel took to foil those would-be imitators. He also went to Congress and got them to pass the Bottled-in-Bond Act—but that's another story.

**OF
TOPMOST
CLASS**

5 The three words above are not a swinging slogan. But Col. Taylor put them there, and we haven't changed them any more than we've changed his Bourbon.

We still use the same costly small grains, still tend our mash is lovingly, still do everything just as he did it. Who are we to contradict a genius?

6. Taste it.

Old Taylor. What the label can't tell you, the flavor can.

42-43% A.C. B. BOURBON WHISKY 86 PROOF. THE OLD TAYLOR DIST. CO., ST. LOUIS, MO. U.S.A.

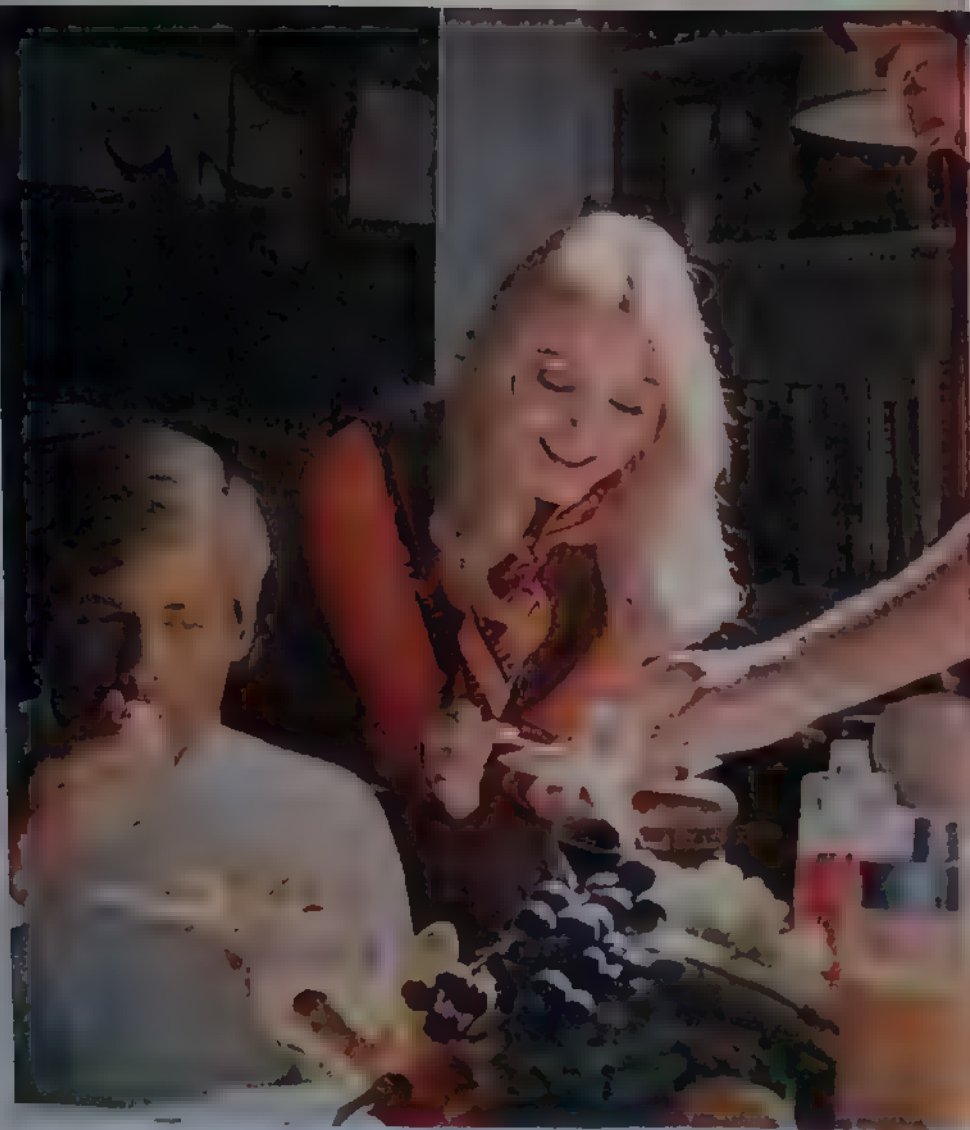


Рис. 1. "The Year of the Horse" Solov'ov's studio. In Hryshchuk, 2010, p. 106.



The Smirnoff Brunch: a place in the sun

Drinking comes out of the dark when a Smaroff people gather for the holidays. It's the Day Life, a carnival of tenderness and sunnier fun— a joy, croissants and Smaroff Mules. A light time, a laughing time, a time for Smaroff people to splurge in the sun.

Smirnoff leaves you breathless.

Holiday Gift Guide: students in nursing

You can't face not making first string, or the first bad report card, or the draft for him. But you could face reality. It helps to talk about it with a good insurance man.

LIFE OF VIRGINIA
A PHILIPPA COMPANY • 100 YEARS

From Westclox.

**Red, White, Blue,
Harvest, Avocado, and
Woodtone wall clocks.
For black-and-blue budgets.
\$8.98 to \$9.98.**

A clock should do more than give you the right time. It should look good while doing it. Our new electric Country's de, Quincy and Spindle wall clocks do more than that. They'll match the color scheme of any room in your house. Or every room in your house and the good

looks are exceeded only by their generosity. So now you can afford to be a clock watcher. Westclox. A Division of General Time. The people with more colors and styles of clocks to watch, than anyone else.

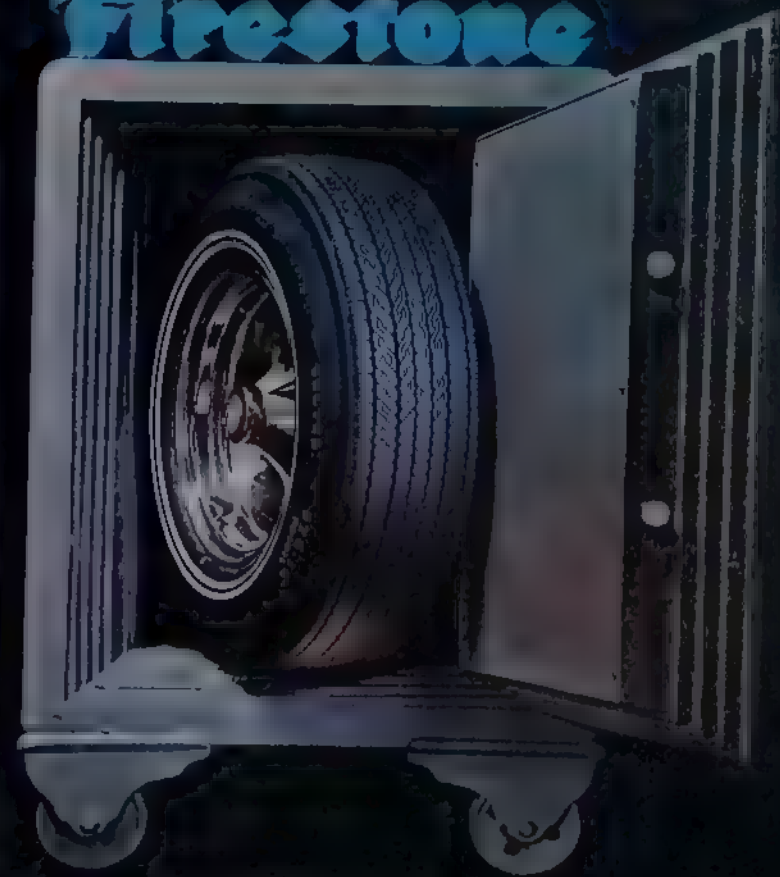




Dial Firestone "78"

Dollar for dollar, it goes the other
glass-belted tires one better.
What's the one better? Firestone's
exclusive Triple-Strength Construction.

Firestone



You'll get the strong one.

Here's the remarkable new tire that Firestone developed for the 1970 cars.

In all the 60 years that we've been building tires, we've never before made one that would give you so much mileage per dollar. Thousands and thousands more miles than you'd ever expect.

The "78" has polyester cords and a double fiberglass belt. That's one reason why it's so strong.

But the big reason is that the new "78" has Triple-

Strength Construction. That's Firestone's special method of bonding the tread to the body, reinforcing the sidewalls and insulating every cord.

If you want (and who doesn't?) a great combination of safety, mileage and value, the strong one is the one for you. Just ask for the new "78." It's the latest version of Firestone's famous Deluxe Champion.

At Firestone stores and dealers from coast to coast.



A car is not to get rained on in.

To put the snow on the road
to see a star in it.
These are some of the nice
things a car is for.

When a car isn't for its compa-
nions. Getting together down with
chancing the day you go to say it.

Not when you can leave the
whole thing to a General Motors Deal-

er who uses GMAC (General Motors
Acceptance Corporation). We stand
behind your car for five years.

You can finance your car with
insurance and used for its service.
Easy to take. At no extra cost.
With consideration.

Look to GMAC (General Motors
Acceptance Corporation) for the

Financing plan for your car and
appliance. No matter how big.

We'll make your car or appliance
stand by for five years.

GMAC

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Champale. Celebrate nothing with it.

You don't often get a glowing idea.

Champale® is like nothing you've ever tasted, except champagne.
The proper way to serve it is well-chilled in a champagne glass.
That brings out its flavor and bouquet.

But it's an alcoholic beverage that costs only pennies more than
beer. And you can buy it wherever beer is sold. Which means you
can drink it whenever you want to make Something out of Nothing.

As a meal. A card game. A television watching. A newspaper
reading. Or corn popping. If you don't often have Nothing to
celebrate, break out Champale Malt Liqueur anytime.

It's also good for celebrating Something.



CHAMPAGNE, FRANCE

Give your wife Hawaii for Christmas.
Go any time next year.

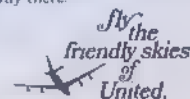


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BUSINESS ADDRESS			CITY	STATE	ZIP CODE	
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CREDIT HISTORY			CREDIT RATING			
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NAME _____ DATE _____

A diamond is forever



354

by HUGH SIDNEY

The embattled White House

From Richard Nixon to Sam Brown was only a weekend or with out Wednesday in the street through the soft autumn air that a big a year of man made in similar standing lettered the way.

The White House was once again embattled but only by the candle light from those 50,000 marchers who shined it through the falling leaves beneath a heavy moon over from the National organization who presided and told the delegates that the president could kiss in a desk for maintenance. The White House was embattled by an idea, a national feeling.

It is by the White House was an idea is and as bring as as formidable as always. After, confronts public stage the game — break young men hurled about these forces, and Neven presented the epic center. The armed forces into the entire self government machine were at the heart of it. And the electronic and printed media of persuasion were given to him on an instant notice. The office of the Presidency still is the most powerful in the world could call upon the best talents in any part of the nation for service.

[illegible]

kind of information. The first reports about the McCartherism aroused no concern, only the notion that the White House should not overreact to something that might be a flim-flam. But as the scale of the effort became apparent, Nixon reached out in unorthodox ways for a reading of it. In general, reports from the White House staff of all matters and from all others, those like Robert F. Kennedy's daughter Maureen, a sophomore at Occidental College, and Melvin Laird's son John at Wisconsin State University,

But any hint of a reprinted Nixon, a resplendent Nixon, was thoroughly absorbed by a week of football and a Nixon communitarianism. The shouting at the General Assembly, the call to the street, the free for all Oval Office conference, the flurry of Vietnam reviews were so sudden and obvious as to arouse more contempt than confidence. When the White House staff looked for a writer to interview Nixon, they probably picked a man as young as me. And the language of the press was so all-chosen, the Nixon name and sounding vaguely opposed to the peace drive, rather than concerned by it.

Flora in the arms of the West Virginian, Dwight Eisenhower's birthday, Nixon clutched the hand of Mamie Eisenhower. Plunging her to his side as the East Branch of the White House ceremony unfolded, a conversation with her, long and intimate, never broke. Between women, open to the world, only have to be kept secret. It was a sincere statement, but in the sphere of her education, pursuing the White House, it was a kind of secret, a kind of a secret.

For the following, write a \pm in the blank.

ze I ever won. So in Africa was set before the camera to hear learn Harari's letter of encouragement for the Murratians thereby elevating him to the same position. This implication put on the symbol of a film was were war-crimes war. Our government is a long and terrible but of a terrible expressing itself but in terms of the means the last day is a new one of the old marks.

Even in the final June Nixon year, when he was preparing to leave office, he planned to attend the noon prayer services at St. John's across Lafayette Park from the White House. But a sudden change—again that Arthur Goldberg died—brought a blessing at a meeting there and he avoided a potential confrontation with an antiwar leader. Nixon decided to stay inside the room.

All day in what was called a five-county-wide electronic pocket hunt, I was as close as I came to the White House. But not really. When the van's siren stopped, a police car with its siren blaring there were cops on the way, and I hung back. Henry Kissinger, the President's peace strategist, was at his desk as anyone at Ford knew as a "background" man. The men in the street and those inside the White House were as close, yet as far apart.



An amazing new ingredient now comes in this familiar package.

It's a lot more powerful
longer lasting than what
was in the old engine
which is why the new was one of
the toughest engines ever
The new version is more powerful (Top
speed 81 mph vs 78 mph
) has better acceleration,

And most important, we built the car as the older version of the classic. We built us that car for you, who are young.

But that's where the generation gap ends.

The new engine will still give you a good 26 miles to a gallon of gas.



In a dark night headquarters are prominent
because a few lights on the W. side show.
Chief Mortimer's planter Sam Hagen 24,
checked out a schedule a few days before the
process. Hagen is in a W. side house across
President's Lane and according to the Model of
Hagen to four heavy men for business in a meeting





America gathers under a sign of peace



sign of peace

Begonia has a pebble garden in which
is a clock for the largest single
annual in Britain. It is a Begonia Day
more than 100,000 people per year.

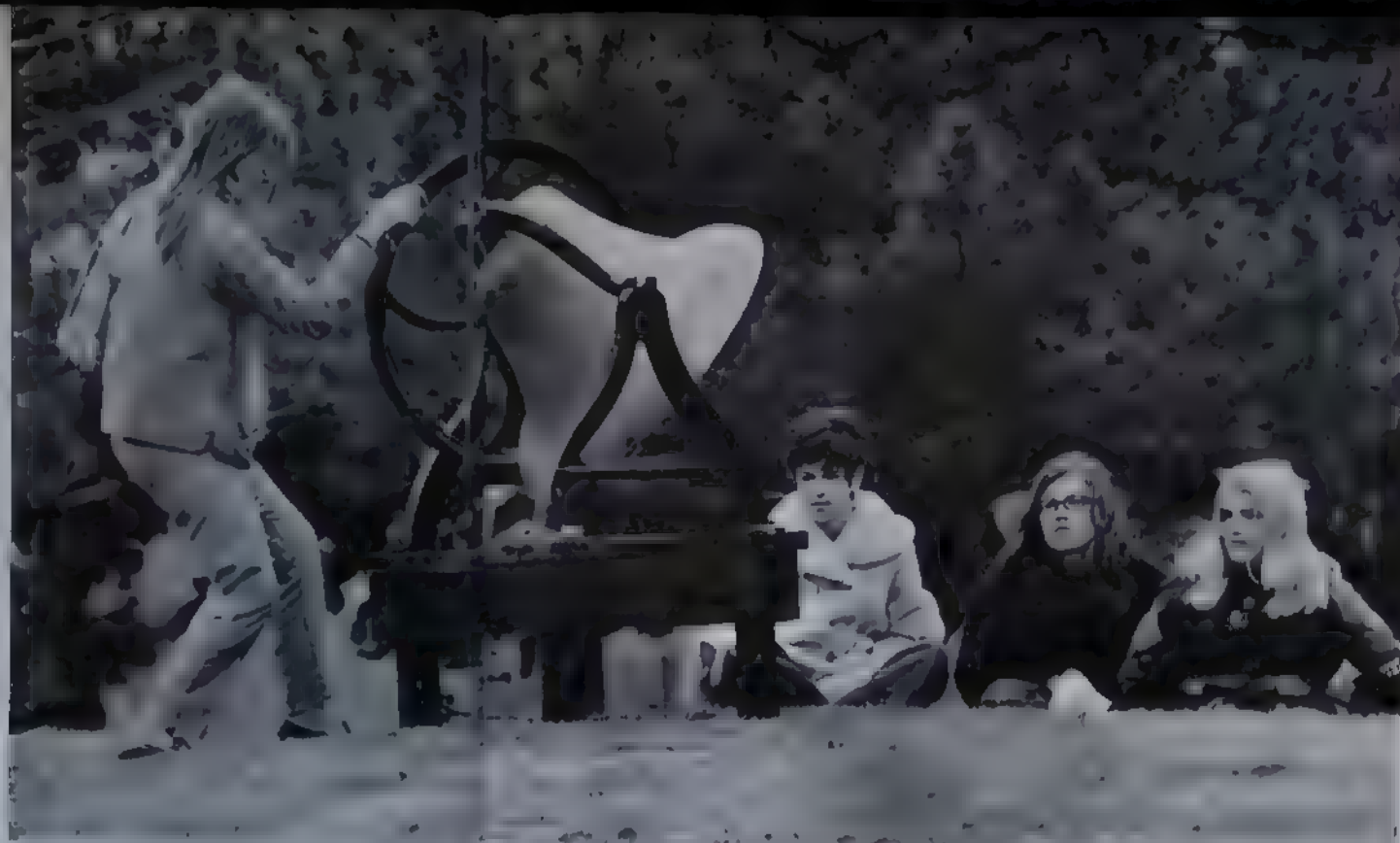
pally shown & assembled up River
in Cannon. They are members of
a 100 mile long procession across
the Charles River from Cambridge.

Over the threshold of dissent



With flags and a placard, she picked up a lady on New York's Wall Street protests the Moratorium. A black away, flames if the war's dead were being read aloud.

All the country people moved to hear antiwar speeches. A rally of 40,000 in Kansas at Bryant Park, before several politicians spoke, including Sen. of Eugene McCarthy.



North New York members of the Hotel College Peace Club burned in mid-1968. From the col-

lege into guns for four days, using it once every four seconds in memory of each U.S. soldier killed in Vietnam.



It was a display without its usual parallel. The largest expression of public sentiment seen in the country. Across the land, the demonstrators gathered, talking, reading, names from the list of war dead, showing the Vietnam of peace. As night fell, they moved through the shadows, carrying their candles like phantoms in a crowd of 100,000. Patrick's for the rain New York a young man hurried up a pole to wave an American flag. Another raised a flag and waved peacefully into the crowd. "Peace Now, Peace Now," the protest leader along tempo of a college football field.

The's great moment of serenity—the chant was the ominous Vietnam Moratorium Day seemed to have a quiet, a sense of peace about it. A celebration, a suspension of anger and even joy—a devotion surpassing all previous war protests—the country's plainly

divided on the Vietnam war. It was any strategy but the Moratorium. To end a war, it was a last heaving of the public in patience. The many who'd supported the Moratorium were so far the most passive. It's silent. The protest, said Columbia's Henry G. Allen, "was like pushing against a door you think is locked and finding that it's not locked, that there's no adversary."

In Boston, 100,000 turned out. 10,000 marched past the White House in Washington. There were another 2,000 in Chicago, a 100 in Kansas college town. A bell tolled every four seconds in honor of the American dead. In dozens of colleges and high schools, closed for the day. A few, however, no protest is developed. A few stones and angry words were exchanged. But for an outpouring of great, the day was a high moment. It was also non-electrifying. It may have lived up to its bill-

ing, but it didn't exceed it. Millions of people seem to have passed the day with a being touched by the Moratorium.

The effect of the demonstration on national policy and the men who make it came, truly, by a slow, for some time it seemed, can ever be measured. Neither can its effect on the bias of America's mind. Here at times on the war, it was a subtle, however, a large number of people, not previously committed to dissent, shamed themselves, on this day to be so committed. The number of middle-class, middle-aged "respectables" who have been moved to direct action is growing (for what, happened to two of them see pages 38-41), and it seemed to take a quantum jump with the Moratorium. "Everyone has his own threshold for public protest," said one first-time demonstrator. "Above the threshold you act. My threshold took a while to reach, but I've reached it now."

From GIs in Vietnam, unexpected cheers

To find out how American troops fighting in Vietnam regard the Monturrian, *Life* Correspondent Hal Wingo interviewed about 100 men in eight different units scattered from 1 Corps in the north to III Corps in the provinces around Saigon. He concentrated on young soldiers and enlisted men who had been in combat recently. Here is his report:

My conversations led me to four main conclusions:

- ▶ Many soldiers regard the organized anti-war campaign in the U.S. with open and outspoken sympathy
- ▶ The protests in the U.S. are not demoralizing troops in the field.
- ▶ Nearly all feel that the Paris peace talks are a lot and
- ▶ The troops believe President Nixon has done a good job so far in pulling Americans out of Vietnam

The biggest frustration comes from the feeling that nothing has been accomplished in Vietnam, and that nothing is likely to be. To young men the Moralism makes particular sense because they feel forgotten. "Outside our land here," says Army Pfc Chris Yapp, a 4th Division crew chief, a team member in a Montagnard village, "I think the protesters may be the only ones who really give a damn about what's happening."

Reputedly, even those opposed to the idea
peace demand at ... was home ad ... to an
certainly about what the United States has
bought with its investment of 79,000 lives. I
don't even know what I'm fighting for," says
Marine Pfc. Sam Benson. "I'm just ... it ...
bushes getting shot at. Few men ... the

we are here to stop Communism and give the Vietnamese a chance for a better life. Most feel the Vietnamese themselves couldn't care less what kind of government they have. I don't see the threat to these people if they do have a Communist government." says SP4 Richard Besch, 25th Division infantryman at Cu Chi. "They're going to be true farmers regardless of who is running Saigon."

Impatience with ARVN, the complacency of the civilian leaders they do meet, and the fact that any American desire to win a military victory combine to make many soldiers feel America has come to a dead end. Even in the war may be "getting shut" as most troops believe. It has lasted long enough already that a number of young draftees and enlisted men had a chance to develop convictions about it before getting here. Pfc. James Peters, 21, (1st Division Infantryman says, "I was against the war all along but I was lazy to speak up. When I saw the war on TV I would at ways turn it all down. I don't want to be here and when you see what is going on, you know you have to get out."

[illegible]

Can some of these young men, the most numerous of his breed, far more than 50 in all, be taken by the U. S. A. to Philadelphia and kept there about a week or two? I mean his brother was killed at Khe Sanh in May of last year. The brothers were Pinhai and ...
... was hoped to join American soldiers, who were quickly by volunteering for military

version. "I came partly for revenge," says Beck, a 19th Division medic. "But now I have lost a faith. The demonstrators are right to speak up because this war is wrong and it must be stopped."

There is, however, no latent mutiny waiting to surface, and morale is not being affected by the clamor at home. Most of the field troops I talked to are too busy with problems at hand to think about anything else. "I can do my job no matter how tired I might get," says SP4 John H. [redacted] a 1st Division sergeant with a [redacted]

He means all the troops are opposed to the war. Some would like to get out of it with a bigger war, and one repeated complaint heard against the demonstrators was that voiced by Sgt. Howard Clarke, who is in his second tour in Vietnam: "People who have been here and suffered. Clarke argues, "we have no right to fight and we are about to get it. I have seen the same thing in England, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, they fight differently. They have the right. No, it's not that they are wrong."

The "front page" attempt by almost everyone I talked to. "When I saw something on the front page about the Bar talks, I just knew they have put the cat on the front page again," says 404 Horace. "It's the biggest hoax of the war, a big joke," declares 401. "Security policeman (Harry) Davidson at Danang."

The knowledge that you're not a singing and putting the music in the song is the only form of expression. The Southwell Church of Christ in Memphis has a sign that says, "If you're a sign that America has died, I'll burn it." Even if a guy isn't a sensitive person, he says, "He can't help being affected by all the death and pain he sees over here. And, since you have seen him, you don't want any more of him."

that all the more observations made for his efforts have led to the fact that the nation is now in a state of peace.

That says SP4 Joseph Williams, who is
here at Fort Worth in the
the President's role of being
fully acceptable to
all republicans are simply
the North Vietnam
cases and which
that indicate he believes Pe
could have a future

From U.S. leaders, answers to challenges

Question A: Can you suggest any major action the U.S. might take that would make Hanoi more eager to settle the war than to wait us out?

Question B What do you think the consequences will be to America's reputation and in itself, respect if, by the end of 1970, we are massively pulling out of Vietnam without a settlement?

1936 H. SCULL

Somebody's *Midnight Reader*

The difficulty was the United States' attempt to get the Vietnam war framed in the beginning was to see the conflict cast solely in terms of the United States' action and Hanoi's reaction. The United States' statement of the war was to see the bomb, then negotiate its claims into a state of enlightenment. The Nixon administration has changed the emphasis.

The emphasis is now upon realism in the search for just solutions which continuing to de-escalate but involve real. Only the President can be the chief foreign policy spokesman for the nation; he is our prime negotiator. Advice should be welcomed, but the decisions must be his.

D. The consequences of de-escalating the war perhaps without a final peace agreement do not necessarily salute to America's reputation and its self-respect. It must be pointed out that present and perhaps future American troops withdrawn are based largely on the fact that the South Vietnamese will be increasingly able to fight their own war. The Administration's Vietnamization policies are increasing their strength and the duty is owed to themselves.

In other words, withdrawal of American troops will be offset by the increased capacity of South Vietnamese troops. It is clear that

North Vietnam, at this time, a real task will be to get out of it. Thus the President is reminding a soldier to take in the face of North Vietnam, a message at home. This country will suffer at the hands of the people. The question is, does the North Vietnamese government have the right to be suggested. The Administration is aware of the need to end American involvement in this war as quickly as possible. It cannot be a foregone conclusion that it will be a total victory.

JULIUS H. ELLMAYER

... and equipment of SIA, ...
... realize that ...
... where that Hanoi ...
... have a ...

field. It is my view that this war is one that no one can afford to say he lost and everyone will try to say he won. Therefore, formal documents will only ratify what actually happened in the area of combat. The war will be slowly de-escalated. There will be continuation of sporadic fighting for a long time, but not of such major consequences but what it can be handled by the South Vietnamese themselves, providing that we assure the South Vietnamese of some military assistance and equipment.

Dr. H: We should make clear the purposes of our presence in Vietnam. We went there to stop the success of aggression, to help protect the right of self-determination. We have accomplished both. The aggression has not succeeded and it will not succeed. If the South Vietnamese are properly trained and equipped for self-defense, this happens again. Second, there have been elections. The South Vietnamese have in fact been protected so that in principle for self-determination we have helped to strengthen a government and the economy. Therefore, systems, troops withdrawn through 1970 will not represent a loss of the Vietnam War.

year of abandonment of our commitment I
 have put in a record as an American public
 citizen on the one hand and, on the other, a
 fellow man. I have allowed my own
 mind to find an axis which is not con-
 ducted by a national defense. We must un-
 derstand that the struggle in South Vietnam
 is not our war. We went there, in fact, to
 the South Vietnamese. We have done this and
 we should stop it. I am not a member of the
 American people in need of the world.

RUFUS MAXWELL D TAYLOR (USA Ret)

4. Suspend the negotiations. For a Preparedness Conference of North Vietnam, etc. to be able to discuss withdrawal of U.S. troops, etc. Show some degree of independence which encourage the young South Vietnamese.

I have a lot of friends who are interested in the present
 and future of the world and the people who live in it.
 I have a lot of friends who are interested in the present
 and future of the world and the people who live in it.
 I have a lot of friends who are interested in the present
 and future of the world and the people who live in it.

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morse to add to the smart of the self-inflicted wounds. If Senator Joseph McCarthy could read the pulpit and social fabric of the nation in his search for an answer to the question "Who promoted Major Peress?", what could a new generation of interrogators operating in the McCarthy tradition do with the question. Who persuaded die S. to nullify the sacrifice of the thousands of Americans killed in action and to abandon an ally on the battlefield with the *casus belli* "Communism"? Not a pleasant thought but one worth mulling.

J. WILLIAM L. LEBROFF

The United States could almost certainly make Hanoi more eager to settle the war by making it clear that we are not committed to the continuance of the Thieu Ky government. We might indicate to the North Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front delegations in Paris that we are prepared to accept an interim coalition including the National Liberation Front to conduct elections for a permanent government in South Vietnam. At the same time we should inform Saigon that if it is not prepared to accept these terms we will not try to force them but will continue to encourage our participation in the war.

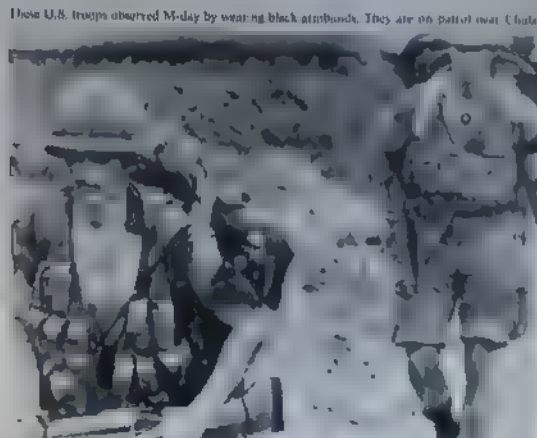
By withdrawing from Vietnam in 1970, we need not
damage, and might very well enhance, Amer-
ica's reputation and self respect. I say, we
knows that we can destroy North Vietnam in
action. Our withdrawal from this civil war
in which we have no security interest of our
own would be a clear and certain proof of Amer-
ica's defeat and would be a great and help-
ful contribution to our own interests and
the strength of our own free society.

G. J. McCAHILL

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...the ... which I discussed throughout ...
... campaign I think is essentially valid to ...
... namely that there has to be a new and ...
... the ... to South Vietnam which ...
... reasonably acceptable to the United States ...
... South Vietnam, to the National Liberation ...
... and also to Hanoi. I see no reason to ...
... the ... such a ... is ex ...
... shes II, not a military policy or diplomatic ...
... ... will change

I think America's reputation around the world has been harmed by almost any action we have taken, and to our participation in the Vietnam War. What it will do to our scholarship, I do not know. I do not think we should have been in the cause of his death. I think it is a tragedy that will, as we find out, be a heavy burden.



These U.S. troops observed M-day by wearing black armbands. They ate on cotton wool. Chub



'A person must tell the government to change. I intend to state my case, and even when they spit at me, I mean to stand there'

David Moss of Dallas, Texas

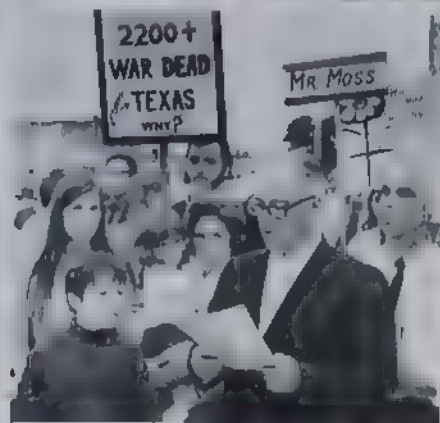


Moss, who is 60, is a former Marine and a Vietnam War veteran. He is a member of the Texas Citizens for the Constitution and has been arrested several times for protesting against the Vietnam War. He is a member of the Texas Citizens for the Constitution and has been arrested several times for protesting against the Vietnam War.



At a recent protest, Moss was seen with a group of people in front of a large building. He is wearing a suit and tie and is looking towards the camera.

David Moss is seen with a group of people in front of a large building. He is wearing a suit and tie and is looking towards the camera.



The Moss family is a public figure. Moss is a member of the Texas Citizens for the Constitution and has been arrested several times for protesting against the Vietnam War. He is a member of the Texas Citizens for the Constitution and has been arrested several times for protesting against the Vietnam War.

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'I've never marched, rallied, picketed, demonstrated or otherwise created a public fuss in my life—but this war has gone on too long'

Alan Coburn of Washington, D.C.



Unlike liberal Democrat David Mass, Alan Coburn is a lifelong Republican, a moderate who believes Nixon to be "superbly qualified" to be President. He has a high regard for the democracy he government and the men who run it. Until recently that is, when chosen the Vietnam war.

In his beginning, he says, "I thought Vietnam was somewhat like Korea. I started necessary messy but reasonable. Then the professionals must have known what they were doing."

But as things have converged at about the same time made me re-

think things, he says. "I noticed a number of people I respect speaking out against Vietnam, including the rockers. And it struck me that the U.S. had been going longer in Vietnam than any other war in its history. Then it became clear to me that the U.S. had tried, it has succeeded fully, it is a substantive as well as that of the Vietnamese."

Coburn goes on for some time over this conclusion. And frequently asked about the war with his wife Barbara and two teenage daughters, Kim, 13, and Maria, 16. When the girls said they wanted to

attend the March on Washington, D.C., where the anti-war lives Coburn decided he too ought to go.

"I've never marched, rallied, picketed, demonstrated or otherwise created a public fuss in my life," he says. "I was precisely Coburn's kind of peace rally. The speakers were the thing, for the time, so the crowds began. There were few speeches, no nights and not a demonstration with out money. Coburn and his wife were the husbands did not and the Vietnam and burned their

small candles only as a tribute to the dead. They had not come, a peace husbands but to be created. They were right out the war, he said. Not the government."

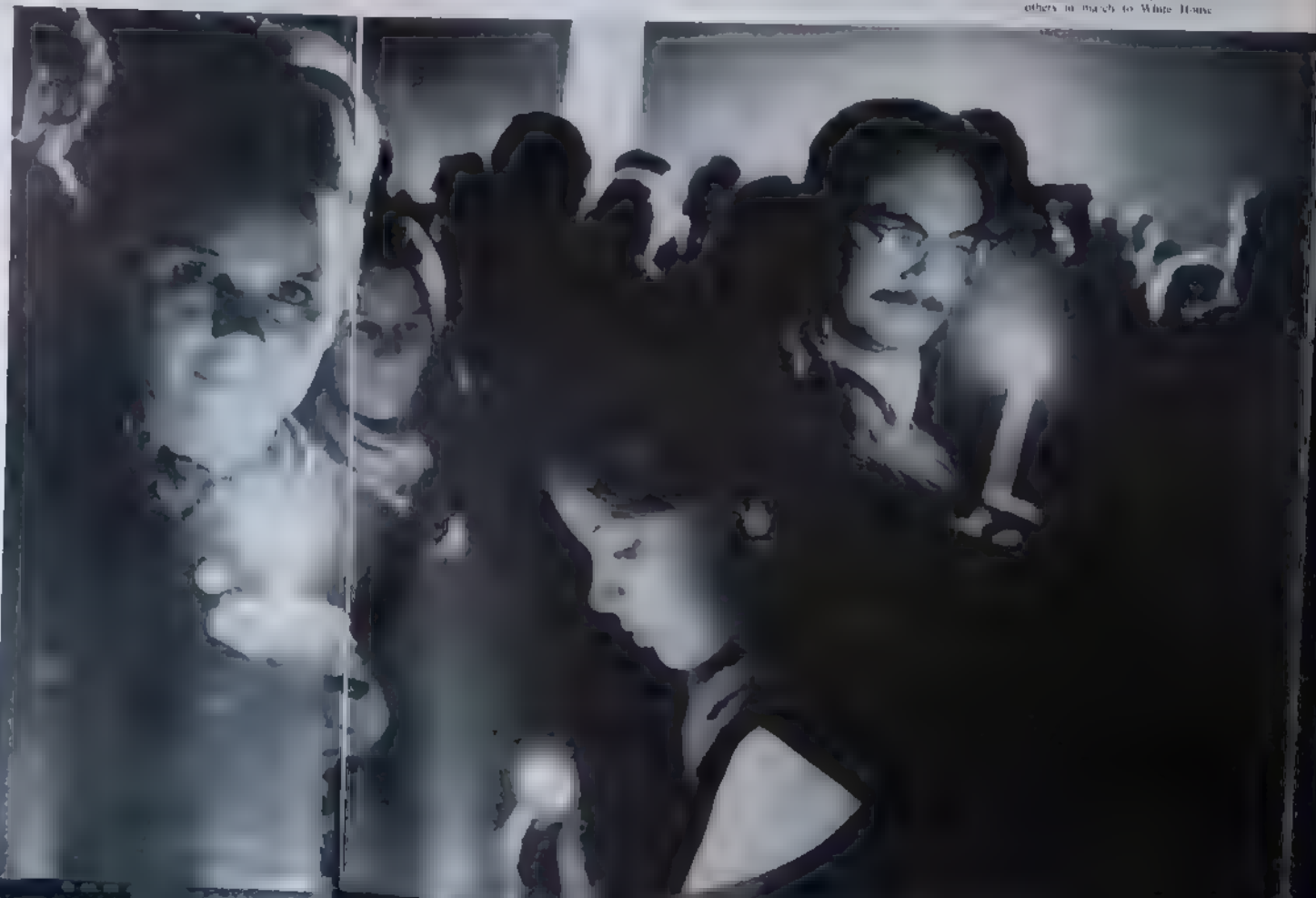
Though he does respect in Vietnam Coburn did not agree to an immediate withdrawal of U.S. troops. "We just can't cut and run," he says. By marching I tried to ask the American military operations only he conducted a minimum level. I demonstrated so that when the Administration has to decide whether to bring home 25,000 troops or 10,000 troops, they make it 10,000.

After a dark early in Washington Monument, the Coburns told the memorial candles as they join 30,000 others in march to White House.

As a Vietnam discussion in her junior high school 1955, Coburn (right) and Coburn (left) as classmates Frank Martin makes a point. Both had taken part in a school meeting to see



On the point behind their suburban Washington house, Alan Coburn and his wife Barbara discuss Vietnam with their daughters, Anna and Kim. Both girls are in high school.



Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hals...



...You name it, Bass says he's got it



Bass even boasts a *Mona Lisa*. He says it is by a 6th Century artist of Leonardo's school. Experts call it an undistinguished copy made as much as 100 years later.

There they hang splendidly framed and bearing names of the greatest Old Masters — all "self-picked" by John Bass (left) and his wife — and presented free of charge in 1963 to the city of Miami Beach. Inflated by warnings from experts, city officials spent \$180,000 to turn a library into the Bass Art Museum and named the Basses curators for life. Now, after long investigation, the Art Dealers Association has issued a devastating report: the Bass Museum is over-crowded with fakes and outrageously upgraded by the most flagrant and pervasive mislabeling. Two thirds of the Old Masters and 10 out of 12 modern works are suspect. The Rembrandt shown above (far left) was probably painted a century after the artist died; the "Vermeer" (second from left) and "Hals" are poor works by unknown 17th Century painters and the entire collection is worth but a fraction of the \$75 million valuation made by Bass's appraisers.

Such accusations hardly surprised Bass, a 77-year-old retired sugar tycoon who says he has been dogged by "baseless rumors" for a "good decade." When he tried to give his "masterpieces" to a top U.S. museum, he was rejected. When he offered a selection to Hunter College, it was refused. When he put up 56 tons for auction, he had to buy back 19 because the bidding was so low. Even his "Vermeer" — which if authentic would bring close to \$2 million — was bid in by Bass for \$90,000. Bass, who presumably committed a big tax write-off for his donation, repudiates all criticism. "I am the first expert," he says. And the city which Bass once declared, "has everything but culture" is apparently willing to put up with fakes. An investigation of the art would cost up to \$250,000, says the vice mayor. For the city to go to this expense just to satisfy the whim of "the Art Dealers Association" is not our prerogative.



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See the Care-taker

The Unlikely Vincification of Sonny Jurgensen

by GARY CARTWRIGHT

When the mad machinery of fate brought the two together at this hazy stage of the game Vince Lombardi naturally seized the initiative. He called Sonny Jurgensen to his office, and he told Jurgensen to just be himself. You know, be Vince Lombardi.

Jurgensen examined the alternatives. Here he was, 35. He had seen it in the National Football League 12 seasons ago. Three less than Lombardi. Yes, and he had known the measures of flesh and spirit that Jurgensen was about Lombardi would so celebrate. He is, it is precisely the image of adolescent impulsiveness that Lombardi has so insightfully in many modern athletes, but then again he was not. A big and a head. Deluxe. Vince Lombardi. So it had been.

As Jurgensen measured them, the odds were: he was the not yet he. Lombardi, on the other hand, was the Organization of Seven Blocks. Lombardi was a great ball player at a high school. Lombardi was a great ball player at a high school. While Lombardi was designing football's modern metaphor for collective excellence, the Green Bay Packers, Jurgensen was breaking his way into NFL passing records first at Philadelphia, then at Washington. Lombardi was a prophet of God, country and percentages, and Jurgensen was football's elder swinger, but his own accomplished percentage pass.

Still, Jurgensen's steam had never won anything. He felt that all his individual records were a low victory and small the announcement. But Lombardi was the coach. Washington, Jurgensen was thinking of retiring. The only difference between Otto and me, Jurgensen had said of his old coach. Lombardi is like candy bars and indigestion. I like a wife and a child. A cannot object if in his has moved.

For years Jurgensen had been a fun-loving record-setting passer, whose teams never won. Now, such as a man since Lombardi had arrived, Sonny has adapted, but he is in



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"A guy wants me to sing 'Sunny.' I'm not singing this year"

continued

the National Football League to fire Jurgensen \$500. Lombard, of course, might also be a candy man. But Jurgensen was prepared to sacrifice his money principle for the opportunity to play under a winner.

My whole life, that point had been to seem like a series of failures. Jurgensen said, "I'd go into a season thinking I was lucky to win a victory. You just have to believe it would be different under Coach Lombard. He had a proven system. He had organization. He had so obviously committed himself to excellence."

The first thing Jurgensen did was shave off his mullet-shaped sideburns. He also lost 10 pounds and reduced football's most famous portly to a slight bell-shaped sag. "I wish that my midlife crisis would be a crisis to wear Weights and running!" someone asked. "Naw, Cal's water. Sam Jurg. But he was a new guy to his style. That's Ray Schuenke recalls the early impression of training camp.

Coach Lombard had just put us through a long, agonizing grass drill. We were about to drop when suddenly he yells for Sunny and Sam Huff to lead at three laps around the field. I'll never forget it. Sunny looks at Huff and says, "If you can do it, I can do it. And they're running. A big young guy who were thinking we couldn't take any more for pretty silly."

It's now 10 days into the new season. One minute after noon the Redskins are in the practice field tucked back in a far corner of the R.F.K. Memorial Stadium parking lot. Three days ago, Jurgensen's passing and probing had lifted Washington to a comeback victory in New Orleans. Now the Redskins are methodically preparing for their second game against the defending conference champion, Cleveland. On orders issued that same day by Lombard, security guards patrol the fence. A man with captain's bars on his collar warns through a bullhorn that the people lining the fence on the street side of the field are trespassing, which of course they are not. But many of them begin to walk away.

Lombard is too intent to notice Sprinter Bob Long cursing for the sake of one, who he back. Po Fischer riding his back in a style Fischer has made infamous. Jurgensen's pass is perfectly thrown. Long can't hold it. Long gives himself under his breath and to a back looking as if he just swallowed his last drink.

Some big game laughs. Lombard is a tent on something the defense did. He's surrounded by guys, men in sudden vests. He is an old hand of emotion.uffs—and he is furious, almost out of control, rage cresting with each word. "I'm telling you for the last time. For the last time, me... don't look into that backfield!"... blah blah blah... "you're standing around here with your fingers up your nose... rant, rant, rant time."

Watching him, I remember a pet name the Green Bay players used to give Lombard. They called him *Big Duce*. I'm thinking he looks more like Fabio Judson from *Thriller 3*. Even so, only smaller and with less sense of humor. After practice I walk up to introduce myself to him. The fourth time in the last five years I ask a question. Lombard regards me with his steel-band grin, climbs into his golf cart and drives away without a word.

In the stadium's subterranean dressing quarters Jurgensen's also being remote. Sportswriter Bert Cooper about him as they have 10 years, but there is a certain pity (mingled with some regret, I think) in the way he pretends they are not there. This is the same Sunny Jurgensen who in other seasons would sit for hours answering questions. "It's an obligation, Sunny always said. Today he feels no obligation. Today he is making believe he is Vince Lombardi.

"How about what Fears said in the paper?" a writer asks. Unfolding the morning paper, the writer reads what New Orleans Coach Tom Flores had said after Sunday's game, the first for Washington since Lombard. "I didn't see much difference. Washington's offense is still Sunny Jurgensen. In owing to the same people. A John Treacy, Jr., Jurg says, taking in a single gulp half of the

packages, sandwich Sam Huff holds out to him. He washes it down with a mouthful of Gatorade and tears up the stack of fan mail he just finished reading. "Somebody wants me to sing 'Sunny,' he says. "I'm not singing this year." The coach never ever lets his arms off for the meeting room. He'll be a meeting with after the meeting. He's a team's might home to his pie safe troves of other seasons. Back some day, he when he lived in a six-level house, three quarters up a hill in the Philadelphia suburb of Gulph Mills, his first wife used to look out the window at the redwood executive houses up higher and say "So nice I'd like to live on top of our hill." They never made it. Now Sunny and his second wife, Maggie, are pricing an estate bordering Mount Vernon, George Washington's old place.

"Why do sportswriters have to keep digging up that old Philadelphia crap?" Sunny asks, running a hand through his orange-brown hair. It is a barber cut, not a monk's. Philadelphians got a good rap. A sportswriter's Philadelphia newspapers used to express an abnormal curiosity about Sunny's drink habits, and in those days it was an easy curiosity to exercise. "When I left Philadelphia," he used to say in his early days with Washington, "the bartenders at work took a memento. Now, in the locker room in Washington, he says. There was this young quarter-back, he had red hair, he asked me to give him a tip. I told him to dye his hair. Otherwise, the first time he takes one drink in a public place it'll come out 10 drinks."

During his retirement from coaching last year, Vince Lombardi retreated to a luxurious, soundproof security chamber in Green Bay's press box and from time to time emerged, larger than life as something like Pope John. The Bay State's music man is a former Boy Scout. He was the New York City O's Sportsman of the Year and a pall of one of the nation's most famous men in the Year. Addressing Dan Laszlo's establishment a Salesmanship Club he bored his soul in an American Love



it at home. "I speech that ought to be repeated on the ledge of a pub. He said. They even went out in his country. You don't take the life. Maybe we have too much freedom. We are a time when society seems to have sympathy only for the misfit, the losers. Let us also cheer for the losers, the winners."

Cleveland, where the Redskins will play the Browns, is a kind of town. Nothing happens after dark. "You should have seen the list of off-limits places he handed out in New Orleans," says one Redskin. "The only place left was the El San Francisco. When I look before the Cleveland game Lombard is a foul mouth. He's a man who has his hands on his guns, he's a man who is more from ground his own during the New Orleans game. But once he arrives in Cleveland he appears relaxed and happy."

Lombard has said that to beat the Browns the Redskins must 1) run the football and 2) shut down Cleveland's running game. To accomplish these objectives, they must control the half, which means the pressure will be on Jurgensen to make the third-down play.

Revisiting such current topics as the multiple offense Lombardi seems determined to reproduce the brute here we come running game that was the Green Bay trademark. The only things missing are Jim Taylor and Paul Hornung. Now the running backs are named Gerry Allen, Larry Brown and Charley Harraway. Washington's running attack is improved in the Redskins game, the seven but a new one has been added. Lombard has been a recent years and in the first quarter of the Cleveland game, he was a crack. Notice Lombard's new system putting the blockers behind the runner.

What's difficult about this Washington team is its enmity, its

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From a new LIFE book

raw materials for a truly Great Dinner

The Larder

For the past five years LIFE has been presenting Great Dinners: memorable menus and the recipes—and kitchen technique—to go with them. Now, a culminating collection of 50 Great Dinners has been published by Time-Life Books. Included in the additional material prepared for the book by

LIFE Senior Editor Eleanor Graves is the guide to a well-stuffed pantry that appears on these pages. To make cooking easier and more inventive, it suggests what is needed and what might be also to try in four main categories—starches, spices and herbs, condiments, and sweeteners.

The Starches

Every starch pictured here has a singular advantage: it can be cooked and brought to the table to be eaten practically as is. Americans too seldom vary the old dinner-by-products and rice with starches equally as good, such as beans, pasta and the numerous grain products. From upper left a bag of white rice, in the three-lined jar of chickpeas, red kidney beans and lima beans, all excellent and nutritious additions to soup and casseroles. In the sack are potatoes of every kind, yams, darker in color than the sweet potatoes and much more available baking potatoes. Fluffy when cooked, old is all-purpose potatoes and new ones best for boiling. Christopher Morley once said, "No man is lonely while eating spaghetti."

It requires too much attention. The apothecary or bristles with a dozen ways to stave off uneasiness, but there are at least 150 other shapes of pasta to choose from. Nutty flavored wild rice (at lower left) is not a rice at all but a very expensive wild grain. Curried rice is one of many seasoned rices recently available. In the small glass jar at right barley, kasha and bulgur are in a dish. Barley is most often used in soups. Kasha (buckwheat groats) and bulgur (cracked wheat) are both popular in the Middle East and often served with lamb or chicken. Other cereal foods that can be used as part of the main course are cornmeal and hominy grits. Flour ranks as the principal starch for baking. Besides flour, arrowroot and cornstarch are used for thickening sauces, gravies and stews.

Photographed by
MARK KAUFFMAN

Spices and Herbs

Spices, herbs, and roots are the essential ingredients of many of the world's great cuisines. They are the secret ingredients that give a dish its unique flavor and aroma. In this section, we will explore the world of spices and herbs, from the most common to the most exotic. We will discuss their uses in cooking, their health benefits, and how to store them properly. We will also provide recipes for spice blends and herb-infused oils. Whether you are a seasoned chef or a beginner, this section will provide you with the knowledge and inspiration you need to create delicious and healthy dishes.



The Zesta

Some of these are for cooking some are garnishes. All step up the seasoning of anything they are used with. Across the top are shallots, the most delicate of the onion family red onions splendid in salads scallions. Below (in bottles left) are

capers and all-purpose mustard, chili peppers to add heat Bermuda onions relatively mild best for French frying capers America's favorite condiment chili sauce (left right) in bottom row vegetable oil olive oil earthy leeks

braised or used in stews Dijon mustard, a French version mustard relish, garlic indispensable and indiscreet to be used with caution Tabasco a fiery liquid seasoning a prepared meat sauce green pepper chutney a must with cur

ry olives Worcestershire sauce pickled onions (jar at bottom) a colorful sweet-tasting garnish white wine vinegar with tarragon bottled horseradish for meats and sauces all-purpose yellow onions red wine vinegar and dill pickles



The Streets

Most sweeteners fall into two categories: sugar & sugar veds. amuljha cane and sugar beets & tur-based jee jana and prafarvada. Since one sweetener can often stand in for another, it is unnecessary to have them all. However, you should keep on hand a sprinkling of the principle varieties of sugar and a sampling of any whichever are your favorites left to right, go top a jug of honey with all open disjunctive favor a bottle of corn syrup less sweet than sugar essential for many candies and mugs or mango masala made sometimes used in cooking more often served at breakfast the common sugar cubes initially a favorite accompaniment for lamb or a shaker containing powdered sugar & a coffee granulated type white is often confused with confectioner's sugar which is a powder, sugar being white but dissolving into a oil sugar for oil-based use light and dark brown sugars being slightly less molasses. The light brown & milder also best for confectionery and owing the dark is more for baked beans and glazed hams. Bottom row a shaker of spicy cinnamon sugar for toast red currant jelly used in sauces desserts and often served with food sugar umps maple syrup to drizzle pancakes strawberry preserves an aphrodisiac jar of delectatively colored sugar crystals a jar of comb honey with a chewy apple a scoop full of confectioner's sugar for dusting cakes and doughnuts a jug of molasses



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INVESTIGATIVE REPORT

Faircloth's Law: A New Way To Nail Elusive Mobsters?

by DENNY WALSH

There is nothing more slippery than a top mobster with a good lawyer, ask any prosecutor. For this reason, a great deal of attention is now being turned this week to Miami Beach, where Florida Attorney General Faircloth is using a brand-new legal weapon against organized crime.

Faircloth's move is a controversial statute passed by the Florida legislature earlier this year. Mobsters have tried to protect their racketeering empires in the Florida courts, but they are now being outmaneuvered by the state's new approach. The new approach is designed to hit them where it hurts most—their wallets—and to do it through the civil courts.

Faircloth is filing civil complaints in Dade County this week against 12 defendants, including officers, who control 9 resort establishments with \$40 million and are concentrated in "Motor Row," the gritty, incorporated strip to the north of Miami Beach proper. The complaints ask that the state take away the corporations' charters and issue injunctions against further business operations by any of the defendants, either as corporations or as individuals. The suits charge that the corporations are connected with "organized crime syndicates" and are engaged in one or more of the crimes specified in the new law. They also assert that the defendants are Mafia-connected or influenced by money derived from Mafia activities.

Even though he is personally named in the suits, the specific target of Faircloth's first volley is Meyer Lansky, the richest and arguably the biggest gangster in the U.S. The 18 motels along the Row and the Singapore Hotel in Bay Harbor are controlled by Lansky

through a group of associates known as the "Municipal Corporation," headed by Isidore "Kid Cann" Blumenthal and his younger brother, a familiar and powerful Miami Beach figure who goes by the name Yiduy Bloom.

Meyer Lansky, though regarded by many enforcement officials as the key man in the Mafia establishment, is not doing a little construction, a member of the Florida-based but world-ranging gangsters' front, an investment company and money mover of the entire Cosa Nostra network (Lansky and 8 1967), and resort properties are an important percentage of the stock in the

Getting a legal grip on the tangled events of the Municipal Corporation in Miami Beach proper is a task as intricate as any new approach as might be imagined. Some of the best lawyers and financial brains in the state have helped design the Mafia labyrinth of corporations, trusts, mortgages, leases, subleases, assignments and stock transfers which screens the identities of the backers in a way so deft that even the Internal Revenue Service

Why do people like Meyer Lansky, Yiduy Bloom, Kid Cann and their associates need resort properties for investments? Tax write-offs, for one thing. Depreciation allowances can be applied to cancel out high taxes on reported illegal income. Beyond that, resort properties provide channels through which legitimate funds can be "laundered." The Mafia's legal ventures generate tremendous amounts of cash. Meyer Lansky's

continued

Eighteen of the motels in the Motor Row strip north of Miami Beach enclosed in red at right are named in civil suits filed this week as being controlled by organized crime interests.



Florida Attorney General Faircloth



'A barrel of legal snakes' for the defense attorneys



The rarely seen Meyer Lansky (above) and Yippee Bloom, head readily manipulated for the notorious Minneapolis Combine, have met regularly to discuss their mutual Mob interests at the Singapore Hotel, where Bloom (below) was spotted last month taking the sun at poolside.



CONTINUED

chief role is to find places to put it, places where it will be profitable and impossible to trace. In addition, the resorts provide their own built-in opportunities for illicit gambling and profit-skimming.

Some of the establishments also serve as meeting places—indeed, convention centers—for gangsters passing through, dropping in to confer with Lansky. The Singapore Hotel functioned for years as headquarters for Lansky and the Minneapolis Combination. Meetings used to be held in the coffee shop but have recently moved to the bar where a hidden back room offers more privacy. Some of the biggest hoodlums in the nation drop in regularly to confer. Money skimmed out of Las Vegas casinos also comes to the Singapore, by courtesy, then goes on to numbered bank accounts in Switzerland and Nassau. Yippee Bloom has special status at the Singapore; the front desk gives him by number "one" only, and Yippee picks up a house phone.

The Faircloth statute is the first piece of civil legislation in the country which names organized crime as its target. It authorizes the state attorney general to demand that the charter of any in-state corporation be filed if its officers or managers are engaged in criminal activities. If the corporation is a charter member of state, the attorney general can try to revoke their Florida operating permit. A second section of the law allows the attorney general to seek injunc-

tions against businesses other than corporations engaging in certain illegal conduct. Two additional lawsuits are being filed under a sub-section which allows the shutting down of businesses whose officers or employees are caught engaging in the type of legal activities—i.e., prostitution, gambling—in which mobsters flourish. Faircloth's basic theory is that no one has a constitutional right to a corporate charter, but that since it is a privilege granted by the state when certain conditions are met, it may be revoked at the state's discretion.

So far as the elusive mobsters are concerned, of course, the gimmick is that this is a civil action. "The burden of proof," says Faircloth, "is the preponderance of the evidence, rather than the criminal rule of proof beyond and a the extent of every reasonable doubt." Civil procedures for discovering evidence are broader than criminal procedures and permit the subpoenaing of books and records. What's more, a corporation cannot claim the protection of the Fifth Amendment against self-incrimination. "If it refuses to produce the books," says Faircloth, "its defense can be stricken and a default judgment entered."

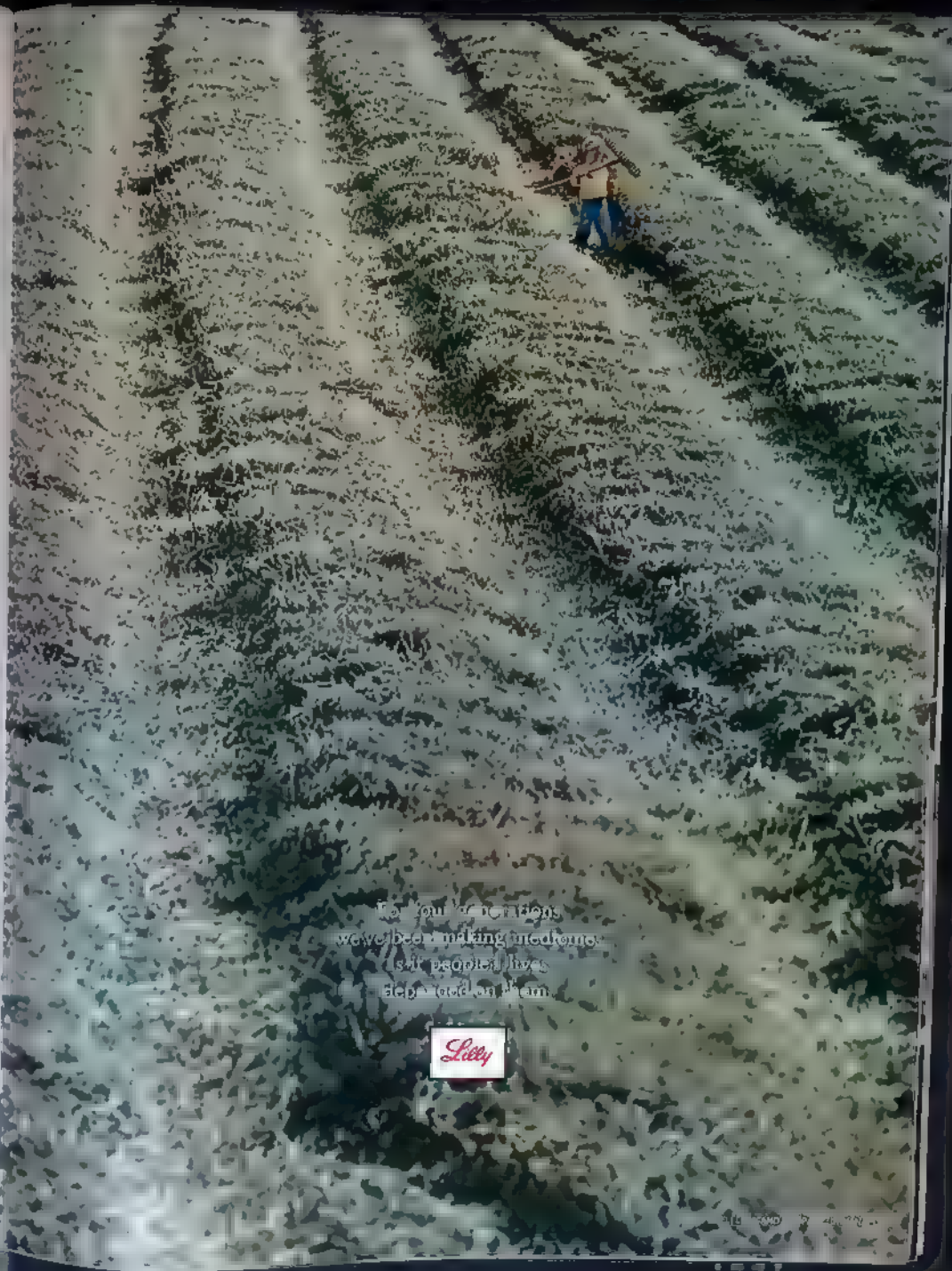
But can corporate officers take the Fifth Amendment in depositions? That remains to be seen. "My theory," says the attorney general, "is that a man can refuse to answer only if it will incriminate him personally. If he is there in a representative capacity of the corporation and does not answer his company is in default."

Attorney General Faircloth is not motivated solely by a higher interest in the law. As a Democrat, he also is an announced candidate to run against Governor Claude Kirk next year and Kirk has made a lot of mileage on the organized crime issue. Faircloth neither debates nor seems particularly bothered by the political overtones of his drive for the new law, which he conceived and helped craft and lobby through the Florida legislature. "This law is based on the police power of the state," he says confidently. "The state may pass a most any law under the police power to protect the morals, the welfare and the safety of its citizens."

Not everyone agrees. There is an obvious question of the law's constitutionality, which must be resolved by the courts. "We are going on," says the attorney general, "until some court says cease and desist. If we find the law is unconstitutional, and if this is a weapon that frustrates organized crime in its operation, then we better change the Constitution."

Faircloth exudes optimism at the same time that he foresees a "nightmare of technicalities." He expects some of the principals to lie under oath during depositions, and he is prepared to press for criminal perjury prosecutions if that happens. "From my experience in civil law," says Faircloth, "I know this will be a barrel of legal snakes [for Mob-connected businesses]." He hopes meanwhile that while the mobsters are squirming to stay in business, enforcement agencies will collect valuable information during the proceedings. He will invite the IRS to attend every deposition session.

If the attorney general can make it work, legal experts feel certain many other states will quickly pass similar statutes. By best tradition which might be traced all the way back to the heyday of piracy, Florida has been hospitable to organized crime. Its climate is a warmway, is proximity to the Caribbean islands and Latin America, and in recent years it has been the home country of Lansky. The Mob's legendary "deal wizard" have combined to make a place where a gangster could feel at home surrounded by his richly criminal lawyers. Presumably these lawyers are now recruiting help in the unfamiliar world of civil law. If Faircloth's law survives in the courts, their clients will need all the help they can get.



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The charter members of the world's first heart-transplant club and their wives listen to President Bill Karraker. From left are Carl and Bille Sheaffer, Sasha Gilien, Nancy and Bob McKee and Nancy Gilien. Marty Karkaker is at the piano. The day after the meeting, signs of tissue rejection sent Karkaker back to the Stanford Medical Center. (Loving for a checkup.)



A Brotherhood of Borrowed Time

by DAVID SNELL

From the pulpit of St. John's Episcopal Church in Stockton, Calif., the Reverend Kenneth F. Schudt gazed over the packed pews as he intoned the order for the burial of the dead. To his right, in a flag-draped casket flanked by an honor guard of city policemen, lay his parishioner, William Henry Karkaker. World War II hero, insurance executive, civic leader and, in the last year of his life, a man who had been held in awe by his townspeople. A 56, in surgery performed last Nov. 22 by Dr. Norman L. Shumway at Stanford Medical Center, Bill Karkaker had become history's 87th recipient of another person's heart. He now returned home to lead a vigorous life and then, on the 28th day, the alien heart had abruptly failed.

I have been a witness to three days of that life, seeking answers to questions which have troubled a great many physicians and laymen alike. Can this most dramatic of medical innovations, cardiac transplant, a ton, be justified as therapy? Or is it, as doubters have suggested, merely a bizarre and costly experiment doomed to failure?

My interest in Bill Karkaker and these questions was both journalistic and personal. One as a writer, in the front pews with his family. I thought back to the origins. Three decades ago he had swept into my

CONTINUED 65



Karraker's weekly examinations included electrocardiogram

CONTINUED
small orbit as a bright and brazen impudence working his way through college peddling Bibles. He was what today would be called a swinger, but in Minden, La., my home town, he projected the manner of an earnest divinity student. Those of us who got to know him were amused by this. Bill was just passing through until he fell giddily in love with Martha Strange, one of the town's prettiest and brightest girls. And so, to the huge spiritual benefit of the community, he stayed and stayed. Finally he left, then one day during the war he came back, in uniform, splendid with decorations, married Marty and took her away

"Imagine," he said. "Strange-Karraker? There ought to be a law."

Last May our paths crossed again. Marty had written to tell me of the celebration of Bill's heart and of the family's vote decision—that he would undergo heart transplant surgery. The operation had been a success. The doctor concluded, "Bill has been home since March 12 and is doing great. There are now four transplant out of the hospital and we're all going out to dinner together on May 23 to celebrate."

I further developed that Bill, a union organization man and diner intensifier, to use the occasion to establish the world's first heart transplant club. If ever there could be a sign that cardiac transplantation had come of age, this was it.

I called the Karrakers and told Bill I wanted an invitation to his party. Like a lot of people, I had the impression that a person who has had a heart transplant is virtually an invalid. So I was hardly prepared for Bill's robust response. "Great!" he boomed into the phone. "You bet your life you can come. Lemme know what flight and I'll drive over to San Francisco and meet you, hear?"

I was still mulling this one over when the phone rang. It was Marty calling back, to make sure Bill had got it straight about my coming. "I was out shopping when you called and he was sort of wacky," she said. "He's a sergeant in the police reserve and was up half the night in the prowler car."

So I went to Stockton, where for three days I trailed a man who traces to cram 48 hours' worth of living into every 24. Since I had seen him last he had gone bald on top and become considerably more rotund. But the most conspicuous change was a blooming of the face. "Oh, but,"

CONTINUED

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Mark of Quality

'All us transplants eat like barracudas'

CONTINUED

he said, grinning. "All us transplants are moon-faced. We've got appetites like barracudas. It's a result of the medication we take to hold down tissue rejection."

Apart from the physical changes he was the same hustler he had been as a Bible salesman. He was constantly scurrying around to business appointments, giving speeches, climbing in and out of his reserve policeman's uniform trying to keep tabs on his four children—Va Rae, 23, Perry, 20, Menay, 15, and Kathy, 11. Sometimes, when Bill would hold still for it, you'd see Marty unobtrusively take his wrist and lip-count the pulse. The doctors had taught her how to check for early signs of tissue rejection.

When he'd go to the bar and pour himself a bourbon, or peke into the refrigerator, or pull off at a roadside hamburger stand, you'd catch a look on her face that told you this was the way it must be, that life with Bill was a thing to be accepted gratefully. "We've had him now for six months and if it happens, it happens," she said. "You have to look at it realistically. That's the only way our family can survive."

On the Friday morning of the dinner party we drove the 90 miles to Palo Alto for Bill's weekly checkup. At the Stanford Medical Center he put, on a surgical mask to pro-

tect him from any germs in the hospital, the immuno-suppressant medications had made him highly receptive to infections. While Bill headed into his clinical routine, I called on Dr. Shumway and his associate, Dr. Edward Sunson, whose specialty is the early diagnosis and treatment of rejection. They are legendary pioneers in the field of cardiac transplantation.

I found them cautiously optimistic about the prospects for Bill, Karraker and the other out-patient transplants. They were hopeful, too, about the long-range prospects of the program. They had performed another heart transplant the previous day.

Dr. Shumway did have some peripheral concerns. For one thing, the therapy-vs.-experimentation debate was producing a serious consequence. Sunson was having difficulty getting some of the medical insurance companies to pay the hospital bills for heart transplants on the insurers maintained they should not have to subsidize work they regarded as largely experimental. As Dr. Shumway saw it, the fact that he and his fellow physicians were learning from their experiences did not alter the fact that patients themselves have benefited. "If you look at it from the point of view of the patient, it certainly is therapy," he said. "But from the standpoint of the physician here, it represents a lot more."

Then there was the matter of the psychiatric aspects. A couple of weeks earlier, Dr. Donald T. Lunde, a psychiatric consultant to the Stanford transplant team, had made some public comments about psychiatric difficulties experienced by transplant recipients in the early postoperative stages. In some instances, the psychiatrist noted, there were belligerence and persecution delusions. They appeared sometimes to be a result of prednisone, a drug

CONTINUED

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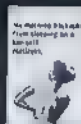
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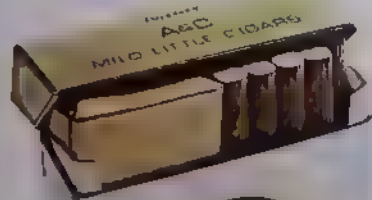
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WORLD'S LARGEST LABORATORIES DEVOTED TO FAMILY PLANNING RESEARCH FOR THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

'They're leading almost normal lives'

CONTINUED

given to prevent tissue rejection, and other times it results of the emotional shock of receiving another person's heart. Dr. Lunde did not suggest that the psychoses were other than temporary, but some newspapers left the impression that anyone who gets a new heart will lose his mind.

"These stories," said Dr. Shumway, "are not true. All four patients who are out of the hospital are really remarkably normal individuals, and they are leading almost normal lives."

Dr. Stinson went to look at Bill Karraker. A few minutes later he reappeared holding strips of electrocardiogram readings, and beckoned to Marty Karraker. When she returned, her face telegraphed the news. Dr. Stinson had detected signs of tissue rejection. He also was concerned about the weight Bill had put on. It was too early to assess the rejection, and there was no cause to cut off the dinner party. Still, the situation would bear watching.

The dinner was held at Rudolfo's Steak House, not far from the medical center. Dr. Shumway and his associates had been invited but chose not to attend. It was just as well for their peace of mind; the menu was hardly what the doctor ordered. There were two-inch-thick steaks, huge baked Idaho potatoes with crusts of butter and sour cream, and a buffet table loaded with antipastos, salads and breads. There were cocktails beforehand, wines through the meal and champagne toasts afterward to the success of heart transplantation and the long, happy life of all present.

The four transplants, who had little in common beyond their medical adventures, fought the temptation to overeat. Sasha Gillen, 43, who had been a Hollywood script writer, made a game of pushing things away and concentrated on making notes for the book he planned to write on his experiences. Carl Sheaffer, 55, a gentle bear of a man who had been a plumber in Winchester Bay, Ore. before his illness, sat quietly, amused with his own talk of the great fish and duck house. Bob McKee, 52, a mechanical engineer and a widower, of the real estate business in Palo Alto after his transplant, counted calories like an abacus. Even Karraker was so busy having fun and thinking about the remarks he intended to offer that his waitress (whom Marty had nudged) was able to escape to the kitchen without unheeded portions of his servings.

Afterward they moved to the piano in the cocktail lounge. With Marty at the keyboard they poured into choruses of "You gotta have heart, miles and miles of heart." Then, off key from Karraker, came "Give my regards to Shumway." The management and patrons were relieved when the transplants retired to a private dining room to talk business.

Bill was the keynoter. "I don't know how I got roped into doing the talking on this, but anyway here I am and, by golly, it's certainly nice to be together. I think we should formulate a Transplant Club, and I'd like to open it up for suggestions. I figure we should start the club off with the people who are in this room, and then open it up to the other transplants in other parts of the world if they want to join."

After his election as president, Bill told the group that his ambition was for the club to raise money to support transplant research. As he sketched his plans, Marty quietly took his wrist and squinted at her watch. Then she

CONTINUED

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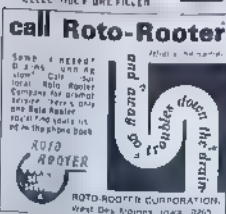
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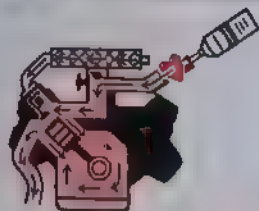
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The rejection was definitely gaining

CONTINUED

slipped away to a telephone booth. Bill's pulse was 120 a minute, much faster than it should be. The rejection that Dr. Stinson had detected earlier was gaining.

The next day Bill went back to the medical center for more tests, and on Sunday he was admitted for intensive anti-rejection treatment and a crash diet.

It took Dr. Stinson three weeks to beat back Bill's rejection symptoms and bring his weight down to a safe level.

In August the death of Dr. Philip Blumberg—the world's longest-surviving heart transplant—and the newspaper stories stressing the "inevitability" of his tissue rejection had a depressing effect upon the club, whose membership had now grown to seven. But, Dr. Shumway and Dr. Stinson remained there when they were together on a check-up day, each of them in good enough shape to reject on and be need back and, in any case, each native to it. Medical programs, Dr. Shumway said, do not stand or fall on the basis of what happens to one patient. Then Bill Karraker and Bob McKee got them to sign a letter of condolence to Mrs. Blumberg. Everybody felt better.

After the signing, the Karrakers returned back to Stockton. Marty went on a tour for a lead role in a local professional theater group's production, and Bill, true to his habit of flapping off in all directions, announced his candidacy for the city council. He also was working with a San Francisco lecture agency over a tour he hoped to make, with proceeds going to Dr. Shumway's program.

On Friday, Aug. 29, Marty caught Bill on the fly for one of his pulse readings and detected a slowdown. This was something new. She called Stanford and was told it might be a good idea if Bill checked in at a Stockton hospital for overnight observation. She looked in on him before her evening rehearsal and was assured he was home in the morning. After rehearsal she telephoned his room. "Marty," he said, "you won't believe this, but never felt better in my life."

A little before 2 a.m. on Saturday, Aug. 30, Marty wrenched awake. The bedside phone was ringing. A nurse had found Bill on the floor, dead.

The next day, Sunday, Bob McKee, the longest-surviving Stanford transplant, obtained the first anniversary of his operation. The club has planned a dinner to celebrate the event. But Bob canceled it when he heard of Bill's death or the radio. Then he telephoned Marty.

A deep comradeship had ripened between Bob and Marty. Marty told him his presence at the funeral would be a comfort to the family and would serve as a sign of the flag for the transplant program. Bob said he would come.

I flew to San Francisco and gave Bob a lift to Stockton in a rent-a-car. As we drove across the coastal range of mountains, we talked about Bill and the fact that he had died without learning the name, age or sex of his heart donor. "I don't want to know," Bill had told me. "If I knew, I'd feel under obligation to the donor's family, and I'd always look upon it as someone else's heart. It's my heart."

McKee, conversely, had known the identity of his donor—a Palo Alto pediatrician who had died of a cerebral hemorrhage. Bob told me he had worried about the dead man's family, until he'd made discreet inquiries and learned they were well provided for. He said he had never regarded the

CONTINUED



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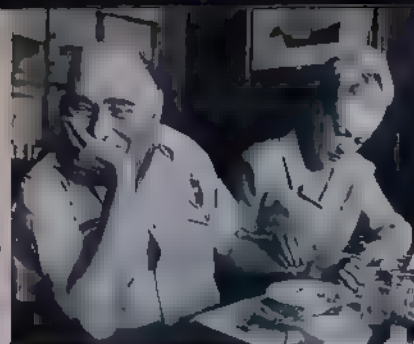


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Whenever she could, Merry checked Bill's pulse—even during breakfast

CONTINUED

heart as an alien presence. "The main feeling I have about my heart is that it is part of my overall sense of well-being," he said. "I'm aware, however, that it is a little slow to react."

A transplanted heart, he explained, has no hookup with the host's nervous system, although there is evidence one may develop in time. Until this happens, the heart cannot receive signals from the brain to adjust to the body's metabolic needs. Instead, it must take delayed cues from the host's endocrine system. When there is excitement or physical exertion, for instance, the heart does not respond until triggered by the hormone which the adrenal glands release into the bloodstream.

When we arrived at the Karraker house on the morning of the funeral, Bob demonstrated this to me. A broad-shouldered man who exercised regularly, McKee invited me to test him at arm-wrestling. We locked hands and squared off elbow-to-elbow across Bill's bar. In seconds he pressed the back of my hand down—without the slightest quickening of his pulse until I'm hours later.

Two weeks earlier McKee had gone to some practice in Palo Alto (nervous). A muscular young man, having no idea whom he was addressing, had made complimentary remarks about McKee's jovial look and the older generation. McKee had challenged him to an arm-wrestle, easily won, and said, "Son, I think you should know you've just been put down by a 52-year-old heart transplant who's not one damned bit ashamed of his generation."

At the church, with the funeral service for Bill Karraker over, the casket was wheeled out into overpoweringly bright sunshine. Television crews were in position and there was a thunder of flashes as the police motorcycle escort formed up.

"Oh, Mother, why did they have to take movies of us crying?" asked 1-year-old Kathy sitting on my side in the jump seat on the limousine.

"Because, darling," said a Marty, "your father was a famous man. His life belonged to a great many people and we owe them this."

The cortege moved out toward the cemetery where Bill had told Marty he'd like to be buried. There he was lowered into his grave with no heart at all. The alien one had been returned to the Stanford Medical Center. It would be studied to determine why—when there was no rejection as such—it had failed.

Back at the house after the graveside service, the gibbous came with players of food. They talked about the joy Bill Karraker had taken in being alive and fit. This reminded Father Schindler of something he wished he had included in his eulogy. One morning he and Bill had gone for coffee and the waitress had said, "Isn't it a lovely day?"

CONTINUED

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CON' NUD

"Young lady," Bil had replied, "every day is a lovely day."

I had found the answer to the questions which had brought me to Stockton.

In the evening the flow of callers slackened, and Bob McKee and I took Marty and Mandy out for a quiet dinner. Marty talked of the future. The need, she said, was for continuity. As soon as possible the girls would go back to school. Her son Perry would return to his psychology studies at the University of the Pacific and planned to record an album with his rock group, Stuart Little. As for herself, she would continue rehearsals—"Suddenly it means something to say the show must go on." She also was going to enter a nursing school and become an R.N.

McKee said he would do his best to keep the other transplants interested in the club. He would go on making speeches, and if there were fees he would continue to turn them over to Stanford's heart research program. His real estate business was doing well—and that reminded him among his listings was a house that offered privacy and seclusion. It was ideal for a writer—and Sasha Gulien was considering buying it.

"And did I tell you about Carl Sheaffer?" McKee said. "He went out all alone on San Francisco Bay the other day and caught a 186-pound sturgeon."

The next morning Bob McKee and I drove back to Palo Alto. Here too continuity was the thing. On the day of the funeral Dr. Shumway had performed his 17th transplant. The recipient was Betty Johnson, a 45-year-old mother of four. McKee and I were introduced to her husband and sister. The operation had gone well and they were elated. "They'll have her on pretty heavy doses of prednisone at first," Bob told them. "If she says something wild or cross, don't pay any attention. It'll taper off."

I dropped in on Dr. Shumway. He had just performed open-heart surgery. He was still in his surgical clothes and he looked tired.

"We have two more recipients who are ready and waiting for an appropriate donor," he said. "We're operating on desperately ill people. If you had seen yesterday's lady—my God! She looked as though she had been on the Bataan death march. Emaciated beyond belief. That kind of patient is not going to wait for the halcyon days when we have such things as induced tolerance or a perfect way to control rejection. For people like that we have to do something today. What we hope is that as things happen to us here, like Mr. Karraker, we'll be building on this experience too. I think we're getting smarter all the time, but we still have an awful lot to learn."

His friends in Stockton turned out for Bill Karraker's funeral.



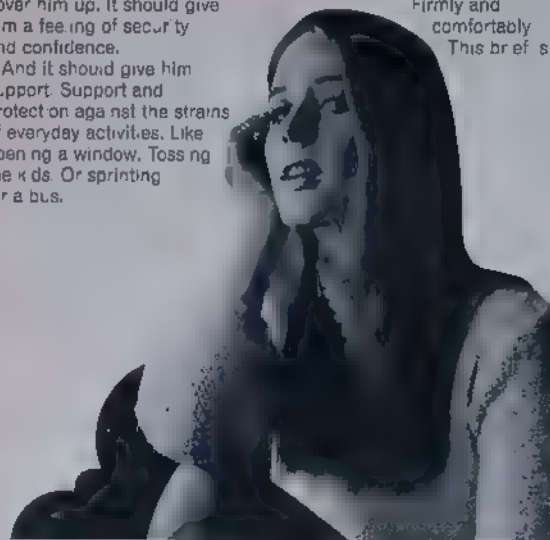
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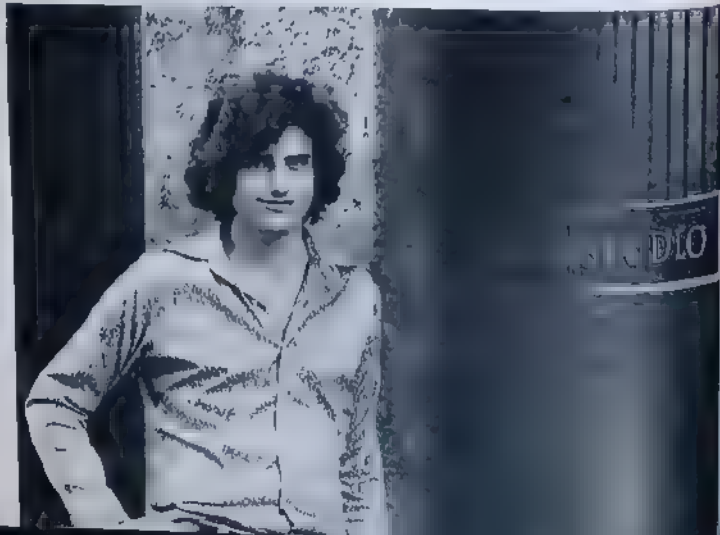


KATHY DUNN

Katherine Dunn, 24, wrote *After* in brief snatches between classes while waiting on tables in a Schrafft's restaurant. The daughter of migrant farm workers, she ran away at 13. Her book is about six months she spent in a Kansas City jail for signing checks. Would she ever write anything that isn't autobiographical? "Why bother?"

ROBERT WESTBROOK

Columnist Stephen Graham's son, Bob, 23, was raised in Hollywood. He wrote *The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart* in Rome while he was bored. He is not bored at the moment. He is writing the screenplay for the Martin Scorsese production of his book, for which he will serve as the assistant producer, and he recently eloped with Van Heflin's daughter Cathleen.



Writers are blossoming early—
but will the bloom last?

A Yen for Young Authors

by LEONORE FLEISCHER

Time was, if a publisher could boast a World War II general—a 37 vintage ex-radical, a lacy writer of gothic Gothics, and a Major American Novelist—he was set for the season. But then it got tricky. One year, everybody simply had to own a Major Jewish Novelist. I'll take Saul and you take Bernard and Bennett there can have Ph.D., he never amount to much. Then the competition was hot for a black. Not a Yenny, good Lord, no. An angry black—like Jimmy or Claude. Fortunately, there was a healthy untapped reserve of angry Negroes—a dozen writers, pacing the corridors and peering over the transoms, today every publisher can have at least two blacks, one for show and one for quantity. Now it's gimmie, gimme! me a bookland once again. The newest thing in covers is kids.

As far under 30 as you can get 'em' would appear to be the name of the game, and it's middle-

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STEPHEN K

Steve, 28, a New Yorker from a New York City since he was 16, says, "I believe America is a 'formed' and was a lot help from the whole Night Watch a very

New Writers

CONTINUED

newer ones were picked up by the they should have been left to grow through a couple of rainy seasons. I bet, but I'm not sure they are pictured here.

Different individuals, collectively young writers share some attributes. Unconvinced by the too big narcissism of youth and authorship, they look at the world with a heavy eye of one-way glass. They tell us. They are a society of themselves. The comic book skepticism makes Norman Mailer chess his long y head. Comparable to Wordsworth's Lucy Children of the M. Lullian age, their career perception is almost entirely based on a visual commitment. In they think in pictures, not words. They are impatient with reading. They are impatient with writing. They are impatient with the average length of one book. These kids, a complete first novel, was three months. The books themselves are short. Jonathan Strog's *Take Five* 200 pages, only because the type is huge, but the short stories are not. Including the award-winning *Superburger* are named, stable ones from far across

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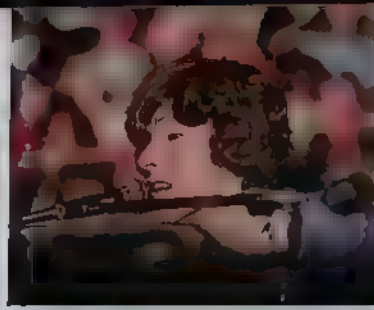
Is it a Byrd? Is it a Jefferson Airplane? No—it's Supergroup!

A square word like conglomerate would never do for the newest super alive on the rock scene: the merger of stars from old groups into new and more impressive ones. Such constellations are called supergroups. The most successful is Blind Faith, a four-man English merger that represents two thirds of Cream and important fractions of two other groups, Traffic and Family.

On their first public appearance, a free concert in Hyde Park, Blind Faith drew a crowd of 150,000. On the first stop of their American tour last summer, the new supergroup sold out Madison Square Garden—even the \$8.50 folding chairs that are set up on the floor around the revolving stage. Their first album sold more than 400,000 copies the week it was released.

The crush and adulation are new to Rick Grech, who had labored for five years with the lesser-known Family. But the other members of Blind Faith—Eric Clapton and Ginger Baker from Cream, Steve Winwood from Traffic—are accustomed to superstardom. They just want to make music together. "This supergroup business is all to do with offices and agencies and press and publicity people," says Clapton. "They're the ones who invent all these things and they're the ones who criticize them. I have nothing to do with the music."

On their first American tour, Blind Faith played huge halls like the 19,000-seat Los Angeles Forum.



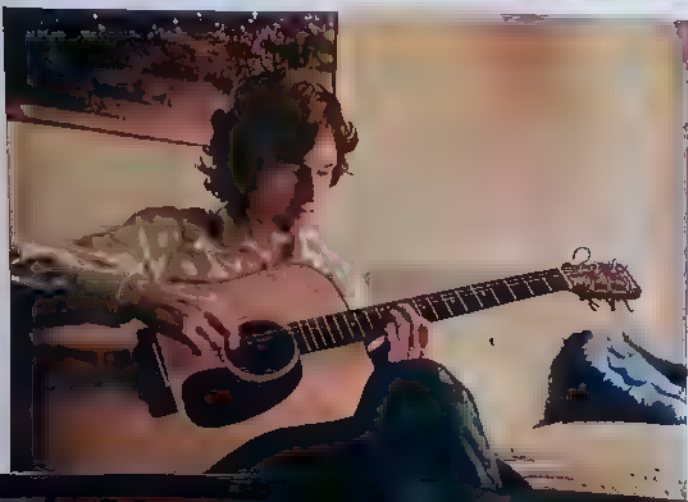
The stars of Blind Faith in concert (from left): Ginger Baker, drums; Rick Grech, electric violin; bass guitar, Steve Winwood; vocals, keyboards, guitar, Eric Clapton, lead guitar.





In a Los Angeles showroom Eric Clapton (above) considers buying a four seater Excelsior. He has a Mercedes and a Mini-Moke but this is something special—a copy of a 1927 Mercedes with a Corvette engine.

With extras, including stereo, it costs over \$20,000, and his managers are trying to dissuade him. He asks, "If you don't spend your money what can you do with it? You can't even give it away."



The sight of Ginger Baker, his long hair and back, boogieing furiously on his drums leaves a crowd bedazzled (above). Clapton, he likes to keep to himself. At left, Steve Winwood picks softly on a guitar in his Los Angeles hotel room. Though they play with electric instruments onstage both he and Eric Clapton carry acoustic guitars when they travel—for pleasure and to work out the musical ideas that constantly occur to them.



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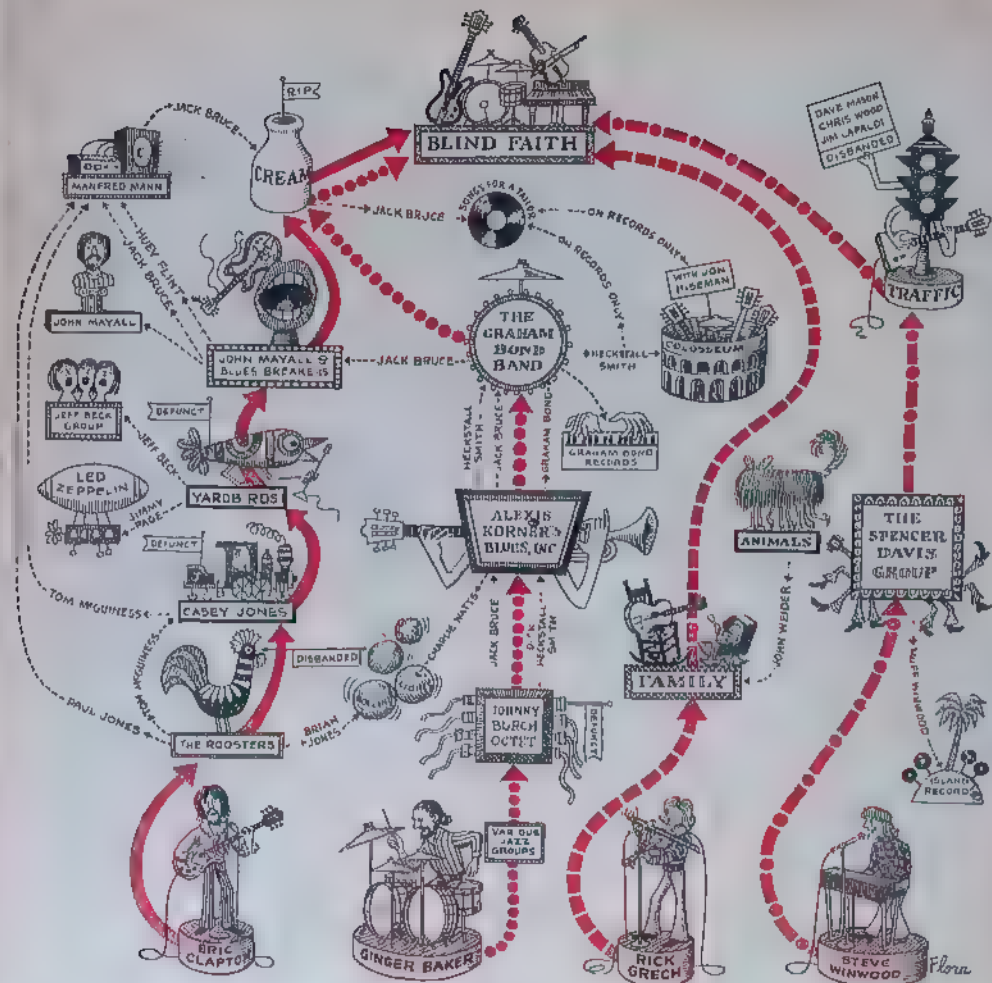
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smell the difference.

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to give American
whiskey drinkers a
place to go. Will they
make the move, when
Black Velvet costs
a little more?

America,
lend us your nose.



The Black Velvet
Drum. A little extra
we drummed up.



The genealogy of a supergroup

Rock groups form, divide, multiply and the fittest musicians survive. On their separate ways to the top, the members of Blind Faith performed with a variety of English groups most of them now defunct. This genealogy shows the ascend-

ing order of these groups, and the paths taken by some of their earliest colleagues. The fittest seem to start young: Clapton now 24, was 16 when he joined his first group Baker 30, was 5, Grech 23, was 15, Winwood, 21, was 15.

CONTINUED



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'No ties—except to the music'

by MAGGIE PALEY

Onstage, the four members of Blind Faith stay at a distance from one another. "The sound is better that way," Eric Clapton explains, but the choreography also seems appropriate to the kind of rock group they are: four mature musicians from different places and scenes who've chosen to come together in what Clapton calls "a very loose kind of arrangement, a breakthrough in freedom."

When Steve Winwood formed Traffic, at 18, he felt that a group should live together to make the best music, so Traffic lived at his \$5-a-week cottage, isolated on the Berkshire downs. During Blind Faith's recent stopover in Los Angeles, I saw them all together, offstage, only once—when they gathered for a group photograph. Ginger Baker, who wasn't staying at the same hotel as the others, had to be cajoled into coming around. Eric had to be picked up from the other side of town where he was in a recording session with another rock group. Steve Winwood and Rick Grech, who were upstairs in the hotel, didn't want to come down until the others were ready. But even if they don't care about posing for pictures, pop stars know how to do it, and when they finally assembled, the four naturally grouped themselves on a huge tree part. No one talked much, and after 10 minutes they all were bored and they separated.

I talked with Ginger afterward. He was more tired than unfriendly, but even with his eyes half-closed, as they were most of the time, he's a fierce-looking man and his demeanor doesn't mask a sweet disposition. "I'm just not a very sociable person," he says. "People seem to think I should want to talk to them, but I don't see why. Like after shows and such, they come up to you and say, 'Hello, I'm a drummer,' and you're supposed to say, 'Oh, well, great, welcome to the Drummers' Club,' or something."

Where Ginger is suspicious of questions, Rick doesn't seem to want to think about them. Steve tries to be helpful but in the end, for him, there are no answers, only blind faith. "Music gets very difficult to talk about," he says, "because it's there anyway,

whether you talk about it or not."

Eric is the member of the group who can best express his ideas in terms a nonmusician can understand—words. Naturally enough, he has the most to say on the theme that interests them all—artistic freedom, a problem perhaps more difficult for rock musicians than for any other artists. "Once you take your music and put it with other people's music," he says, "you get a community thing, a group sound. If you've got a personal direction in mind, you have to do it all on your own or work with musicians and construct it yourself. But if you're giving your music to become part of a group, you have to sacrifice your own wants and needs to that."

But there are wants and needs that only a group can satisfy. "I'm used to playing my kick, and so I like playing with the same people," Ginger says. "With Blind Faith, I think we're all on the same thing musically." Steve agrees. "This is like more of a complete unit than I've ever been in before," he says. "At the same time, that makes it confining. I've got to make an album of my own soon, and I'm going to experiment on that more than I've ever done."

"Since Steve has the freedom to do that," says Eric, "we feel we've each got the same freedom. I want to make my own album now, of very simple rock and roll. It's like 75 percent of my musical ideas go into Blind Faith, and the rest of them conglomerate in the back of my head, waiting for release."

"This group should be quite a breakthrough in that none of us is going to want to be tied down to it. And the group itself might decrease in size, it might expand, we might add brains, we might do anything. We'd even thought about changing the name sometime."

"I think it's up to us to break down all those barriers between groups, where a group says, 'Oh, well, we can't jam with them, because our manager says so.' I mean, why shouldn't you? What reason is there against it? The people around you with contracts can only make you believe that you're not free. Being a musician should be the freest life anybody could wish for. You don't really have any tie to anything or anybody. Except for your music."

A musical need brought these

four together, and if they break up it probably won't be because Ginger Baker isn't very sociable, or because Eric Clapton is. As one pop executive puts it: "What if suddenly Stevie Winwood says to himself, 'I hear a harp,' and everyone else says, 'What are you, nuts? You're getting \$25,000 a night and you're in the top ten—what are you hearing a harp for? Don't hear a harp.' But Stevie Winwood is a musician first, and if he has to, he'll go with his harp."

Performing, Blind Faith is something like a troupe of famous actors who've written and directed their own play, and can improvise on it as well, in front of huge audiences who understand their language only imperfectly. There was a sign up in the bleachers at their Los Angeles concert that said, "Clapton is God," a motto popular in the days of Cream. But Blind Faith isn't Cream, and Clapton, idolized for his brilliant, improvised guitar solos, apparently doesn't want to be God. Referring to this virtuosity as "technical ability," he says, "It's a sort of secondary thing. It's accompaniment, and if you take it beyond that it loses balance and gets gimmicky. What's important is your songs and the way you sing them."

Steve Winwood has written most of their songs and sings them all, but Blind Faith isn't Traffic, either. "I feel that we're taking part in a great blend," he says, "of music and of everything. Things have got to be blended together more. With the music, it's gotten a lot simpler, and when music gets simple it brings it all together, because music is all one thing."

Some fans and critics have been disappointed in the new blend. It's quieter music than they might have expected. It also has a complexity, richness and subtlety of tone and texture that requires close attention. The musicians aren't worried about the criticism and shouldn't be: a supergroup, like an all-star team, can never, by nature, live up to the expectations for it. "There's extra pressure on you," Eric says, "if you think, 'Well, I am a superstar, how dare people criticize me.' But if you bear it in mind that you're only a superstar because someone said you were, in your office, then you're okay. We've just started, really. We've got to explore a lot more."

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MISCELLANY

THE
WEEK'S
NEWS
IN COMIC
STRIPS



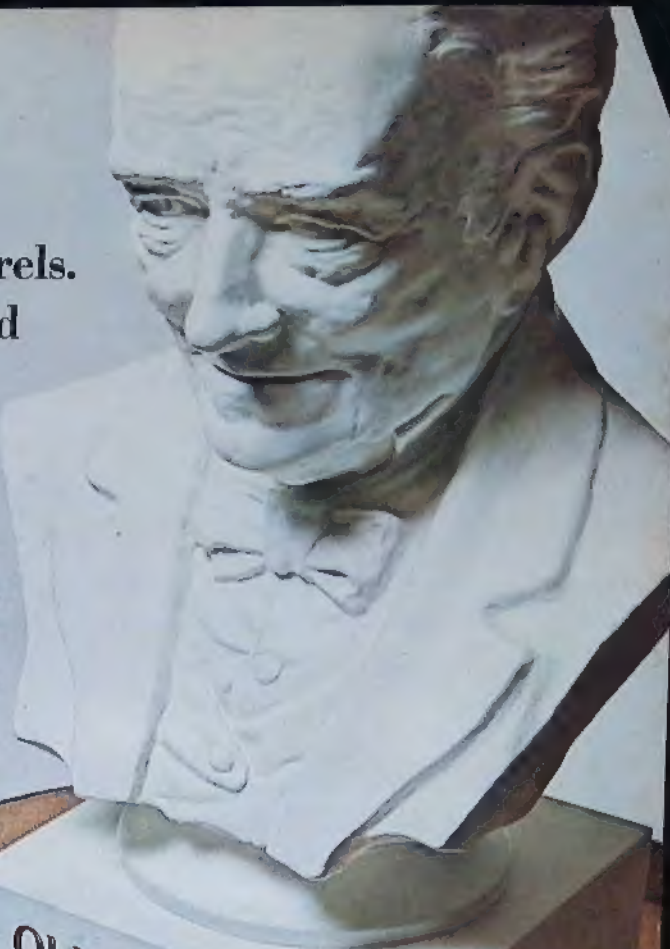
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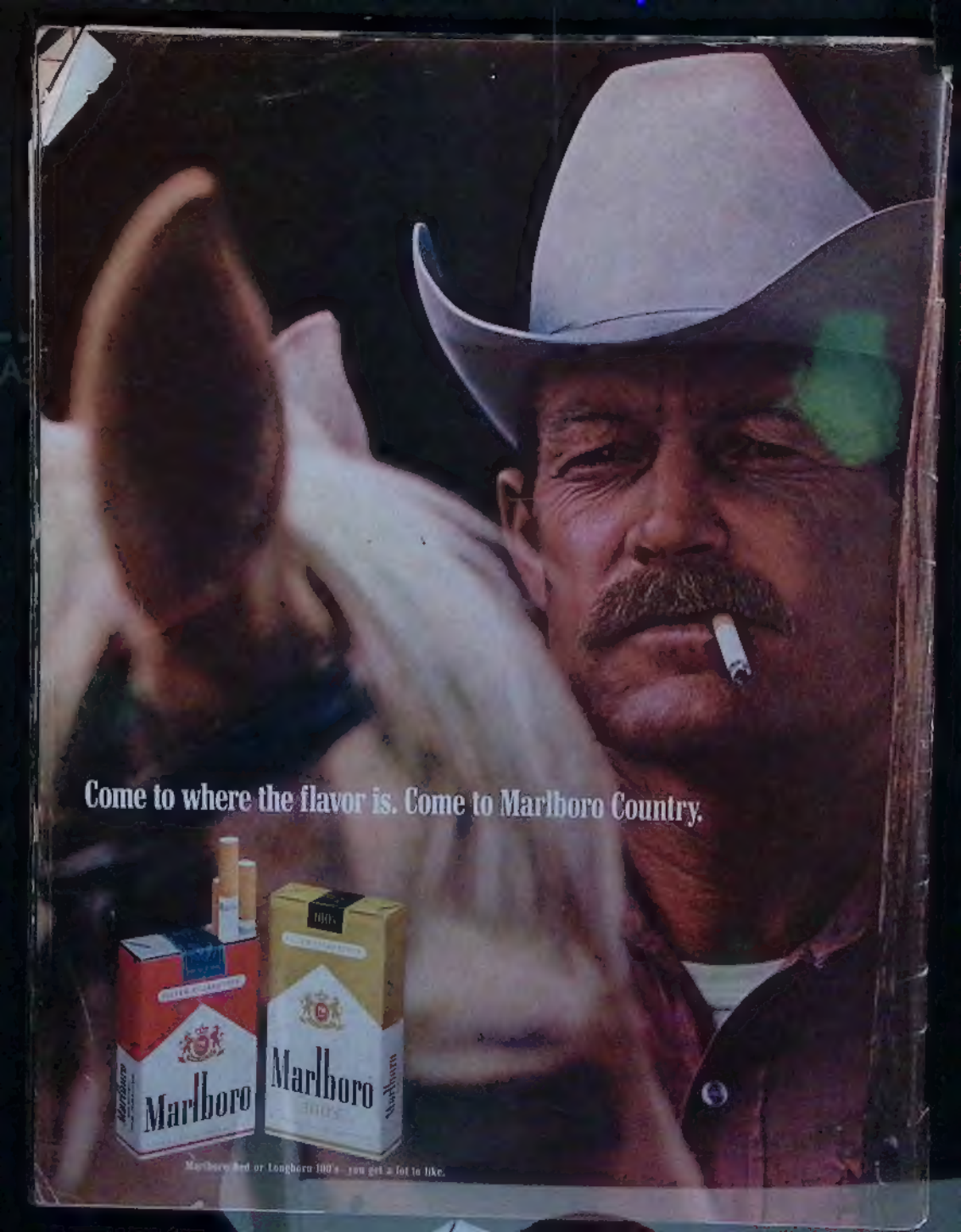


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